

PHOTOPLAY

Movie MIRROR

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JANUARY



ROSALIND RUSSELL
BY PAUL HESSE

TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

BOY LOSES GIRL!

"The funny thing was that we fell for each other before we even met! It was a Saturday night at the country club, and she was dancing with some other guy when I first saw her. She happened to look up, just at that instant, straight into my eyes. And . . . right like that! . . . my heart was doing a loop.

"From the minute we were introduced, all the rest of the evening, neither of us danced with anyone else. It must have been hours later . . . heaven knows *how* long we had been dancing! . . . that we finally slipped away from the crowd, out to a corner of the terrace.

"It was dark, we were alone, and there was a moon. So I took her in my arms. She came close to me, lifted her lips to mine, and then, suddenly—turned her head away.

"I couldn't imagine what had changed her so quickly, so completely. I asked her . . . pleaded with her . . . to tell me. But she said she couldn't—possibly.

"That was four years ago, now.

"She came close to me, lifted her lips to mine, and then, suddenly—turned her head away."

And I never have discovered the secret of that night. She was the loveliest girl I've ever known. We had clicked, instantly . . . oh, I started as a wonder! But I sure finished as a washout."

Poor guy, he never understood. Yet almost any woman would realize what may have happened . . . would understand how fatal halitosis (bad breath) can be to romance.

It's a condition which is, perhaps, even worse for a woman than for a man. For so much of a woman's attraction depends on sweetness, allure. And the insidious thing is that you yourself may not know when your breath is tainted.

Why not get the habit of taking this pleasant precaution which so many popular, successful people use—rinsing the mouth, night and morning, with Listerine Antiseptic.

Listerine halts the fermentation of tiny food particles on the mouth surfaces—a frequent cause of breath odors . . . then quickly overcomes the odors themselves. (Of course, in those cases in which bad breath is the result of *systemic* causes, the advice of a physician should be sought.)

Guard against this fermentation—put yourself on the safe side by putting your breath on the agreeable side. Start using Listerine Antiseptic . . . especially before all important engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

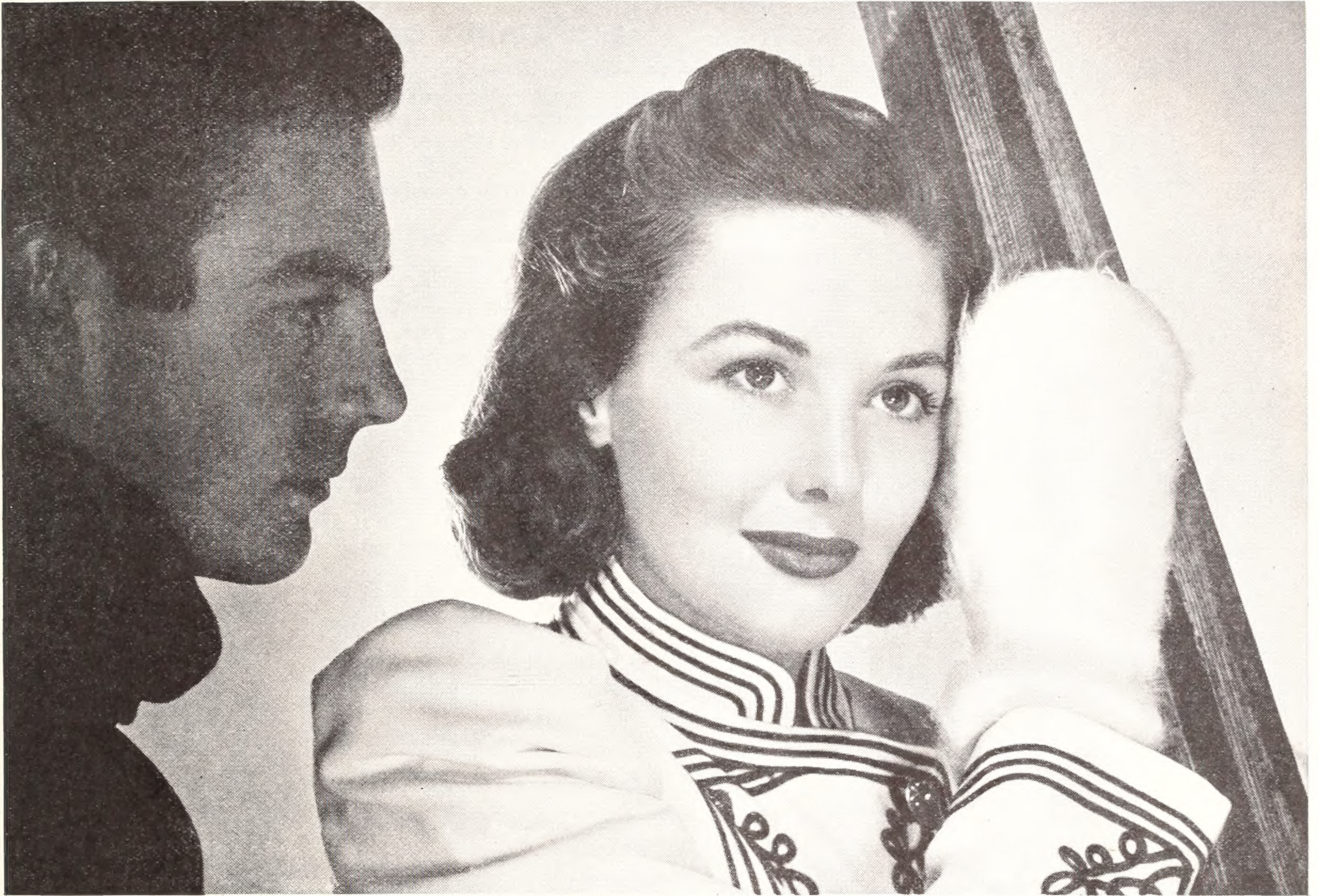
LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS

(BAD BREATH)

HIS EYES SAID:

"YOU'RE MY DREAM COME TRUE!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



Don't risk the charm of your own precious smile. Help keep your gums firm, your teeth sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

IN HIS EYES she saw her hopes come true! And her heart beat fast to read his thoughts... "How lovely, how truly lovely you are!"

Her moment of magic!—but then she smiled...and lost! For dull teeth...a lifeless smile...are a poor invitation to love and romance.

YES, IT'S TRAGIC INDEED for a girl to let her beauty be dimmed by a dull and dingy smile! And often so needless! If you would make yours a smile that invites and never repels, heed this expert advice: Give your gums as well as your teeth regular daily care... and never ignore the warning



of "pink tooth brush"! **THAT TINGE OF "PINK"** may not mean serious trouble... but the minute you see it, *see your dentist!* He may simply tell you that your gums, denied hard chewing by today's soft foods, have become weak and flabby from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

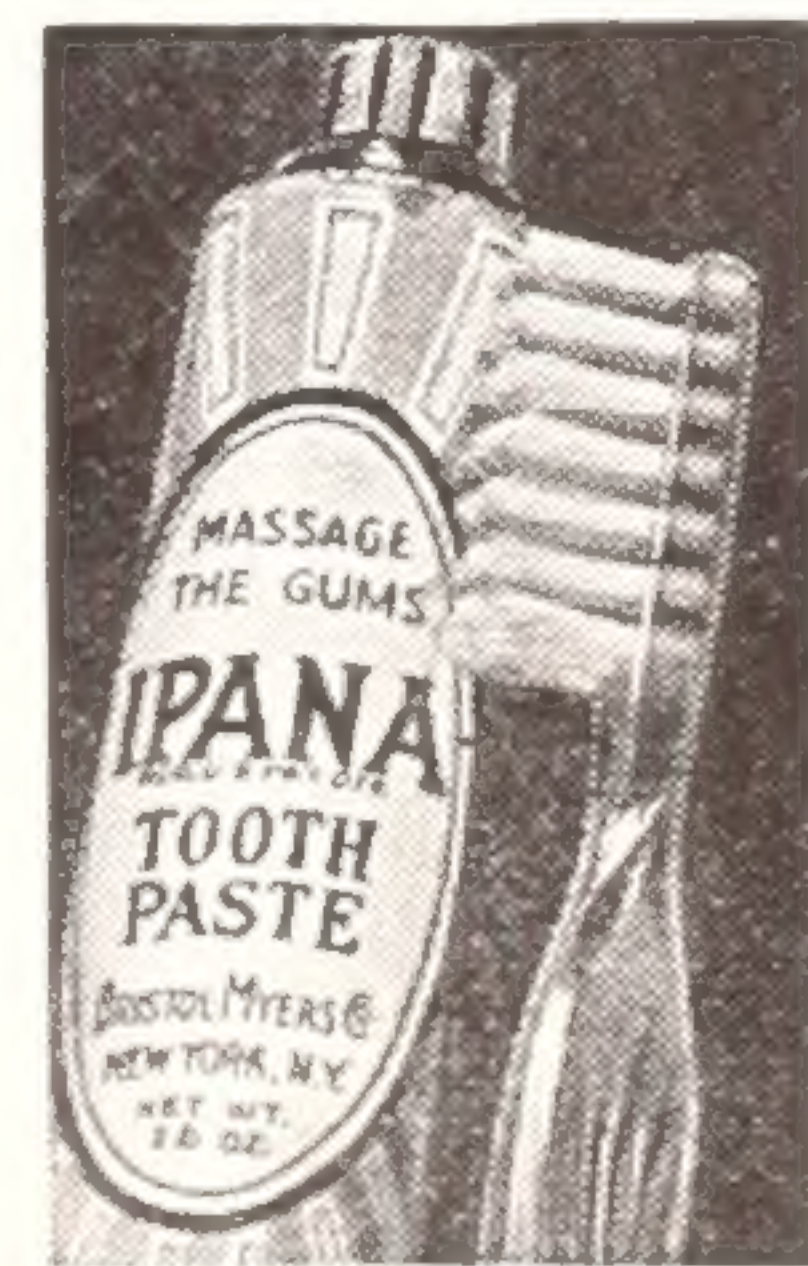
FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is specially designed to aid the gums to health as well as clean teeth thoroughly. So, every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that in-

of "pink tooth brush"! **THAT TINGE OF "PINK"** may not mean serious trouble... but the minute you see it, *see your dentist!* He may simply tell you that your gums, denied hard chewing by today's soft foods, have become weak and flabby from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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vigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It tells you that gum circulation is improving—stimulating gum tissues—helping gums to sounder health.

TRY IPANA TOOTH PASTE today. And begin now the faithful, every day use of Ipana and massage. See for yourself how much this sound and sensible dental habit helps make your gums stronger and firmer, your teeth brighter and your smile more radiantly attractive.



Get the new D. D. Tooth Brush too—specially designed with the twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage. A "plus" for aiding your smile.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

The greatest
star of the
screen!

The grand total circulation of this column is 30,936,879. To every one of our readers in the twenty-nine national magazines, the lion roars a Merry Xmas.



As a pre-holiday treat we present you with one of those dashing affairs with Clark Gable doing most of the dashing.

And Hedy Lamarr is something to dash after.

“Comrade X”—that’s Clark—is a mysterious correspondent who attempts to smuggle news past the censor and Hedy Lamarr past the immigration.

★ ★ ★ ★
He is caught smuggling Hedy.

The film is a confection of suspense, speed and merriment. The screen play, written by Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer, has a pace that is Hechtic.

Our studio spies send us a warning that "Comrade X" is a most dangerous picture. People laugh themselves sick and the laughter is contagious.



An epidemic of laughter isn't a bad idea.

Knee-bends to those great characterizations (in addition to Gable and Lamarr) by Oscar Homolka, Felix Bressart and Eve Arden.

King Vidor, whose direction is direct, has not missed on this one. Long live King!

It's a great job, M-G-M. More "Comrade X"s, say we all of us.

In fact, there'll be a movement afoot to rename the merry season.

They're thinking of calling it—

Comrade Xmas.

— Lea

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

PHOTOPLAY
combined with
movie
MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

HELEN GILMORE
Associate Editor

JANUARY, 1941
VOL. 18, NO. 2

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COVER: Rosalind Russell, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

With the
Gratefully Acknowledged
Cooperation of the

★ UNITED STATES NAVY ★
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

presents

ROBERT TAYLOR IN FLIGHT COMMAND

THE FASTEST THING ON FILM!



THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH!

Ever since M-G-M gave to the public its memorable production "Hell Divers", this famed studio has sought a drama equally thrilling and romantic, with a spectacular background of America's fighting ships of the air. Here it is, surpassing highest hopes for a successor! It is the story of the "Hell Cats" of the Navy's Armada of the skies...excitingly filmed at Pensacola, San Diego and Pearl Harbor... a romance of air-devils and the beauties who love them...a picture that will electrify America with its breath-taking unfolding!

WITH **RUTH HUSSEY** ★ **WALTER PIDGEON**
PAUL KELLY • **SHEPPARD STRUDWICK** • **NAT PENDLETON**

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Wells Root and Commander Harvey Haislip
Directed by Frank Borzage • Produced by J. Walter Ruben



WALTER PIDGEON
as the Commander
and...

RUTH HUSSEY
as the girl who made
the "Hell Cats" purr!



Ian Hunter and Thomas Mitchell in "The Long Voyage Home": You forget about its being acting



BY RUTH WATERBURY

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

THIS weird and wonderful town of Hollywood recently threw off a week more terrifically terrific than any which its most veteran old-timers could remember . . . for it was a week in which every element of Hollywood life was manifest . . . two of its pioneers died . . . Tom Mix, suddenly, on the side of an Arizona desert road where a too swiftly driven car had hurled him . . . generous, colorful, lusty Tom, dying with his diamond-studded belt on and his still handsome face buried in the great white sombrero he had always worn . . . and tired, saddened Berton Churchill, dying in a New York hospital, a day or so before he hoped "to come back" on the Broadway stage. . . .

It was the week in which Shirley Temple signed to carry on her career with M-G-M . . . it was the week in which love flamed more hotly for those newest romancers, Lana Turner and Tony Martin (with everyone wondering if it would be flaming the same way for those two the following week) . . . it was the week that Mickey Rooney got back from his fantastically successful personal-appearance tour and started playing golf to "reduce," believe it or not . . . it was the week that Lucile Fairbanks got married in the garden at Pickfair with Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers giving the wedding party with Sylvia (Lady Ashley) Fairbanks in attendance. . . . It wouldn't have been a true Hollywood week without a "big" divorce . . . This week there was Mrs. Hal Roach's suit for separate maintenance, after a marriage of twenty-four years. . . .

And . . . and most important, it was the week in which nine pictures were previewed . . . starting with "The Long Voyage Home" one Monday afternoon and ending with "The Great Dictator" the following Monday evening, and in between showing "Dancing on a Dime,"

"They Knew What They Wanted," "Third Finger, Left Hand," "A Little Bit of Heaven," "The Thief of Bagdad," "Moon Over Burma" and "The Hit Parade of 1941". . . .

I say those nine previews were most important events of that week . . . because never, do I believe, has any one week shown so clearly the new and true magnitude of Hollywood's product, and Hollywood's growth, and Hollywood's average, and even Hollywood's past . . . so clearly as those nine films revealed it. . . .

Let me start with "The Long Voyage Home" . . . I hope I do not sound as though I feel superior when I say that I was more deeply moved and stirred and disturbed by "The Long Voyage Home" than by any film I have seen since "The Informer" . . . and while saying that, say in the same sentence that I do not think it will be a "smash hit" . . . that, in other words, I think only a few thousands in all the movie-going millions will react to its truly beautiful art. . . .

Just as in "The Informer," Director John Ford and scenarist Dudley Nichols had a great original drama to work from . . . in this case of "The Long Voyage Home" they had the four original plays by Eugene O'Neill . . . from them these two Hollywood men have fashioned so compassionate, so lyric, so true a story of men against the sea that your heart is both saddened and exalted by the ageless beauty of it . . . "The Long Voyage Home" is magnificently photographed, too, by Gregg Toland and exquisitely played by Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, John Qualen, Barry Fitzgerald . . . in fact, by every member of its cast . . . so exquisitely played that you forget about its being acting, or its being a movie. . . .

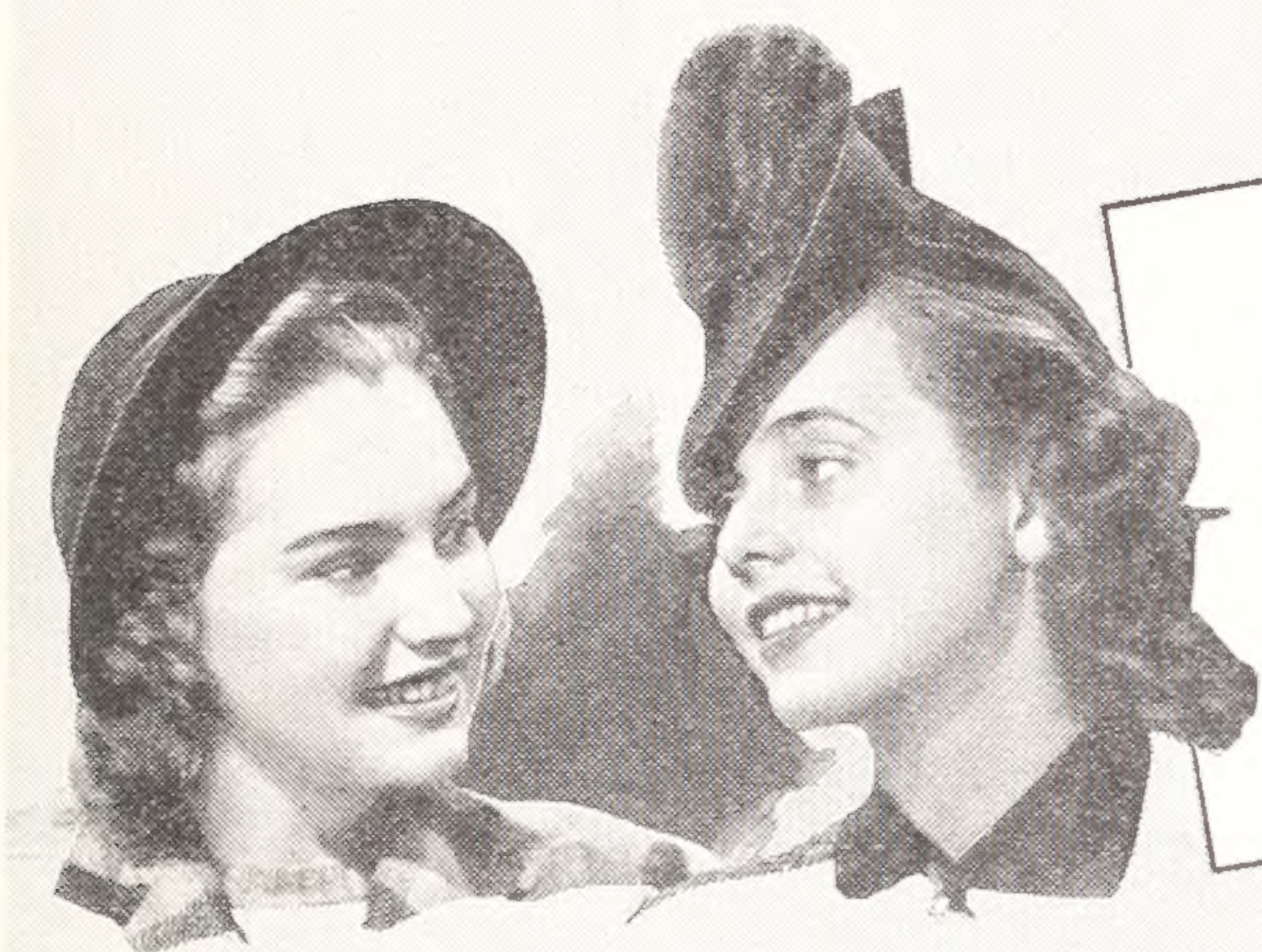
Now it has always been a puzzle to me why, when Hollywood deliberately attempts to get a spiritual quality on the

screen, it so seldom achieves it . . . in the old, silent days De Mille tried it both in "The King of Kings" and "The Sign of the Cross" . . . and, in my opinion, did not achieve it . . . and in this week of which I am writing, Garson Kanin tried to convey it, through the performances of both Frank Fay and Charles Laughton in "They Knew What They Wanted" . . . and again, in my opinion, this further attempt failed. . . .

There is no more promising or personally charming young director in all Hollywood than Garson Kanin . . . a few months ago when I wrote in "Close Ups and Long Shots" that I wondered why he wanted to remake that "creaky" old "They Knew What They Wanted," Gar wrote me an amusing and ribbing letter, saying that it was the first time a picture of his had been criticized even before it was made . . . he pointed out to me that "They Knew What They Wanted" had been written by Sidney Howard, a playwright who had won the Pulitzer Prize, whereupon I retorted that if it had been written by W. Shakespeare and John Lee Mahin in collaboration (those are the boys, you remember, who wrote "Romeo and Juliet" and "Boom Town," though not in collaboration) I still wouldn't want to see it again . . . nevertheless, all the king's horses couldn't have kept me away from the Kanin preview of this remake. . . .

Watching it unreel, you can fairly see the love that Kanin has lavished upon it . . . you can almost touch the intensity Carole Lombard had brought to the dreary role of Amy . . . you can see the love . . . and the vast amounts of scenery-chewing Charles Laughton has brought, along with his false mustache, to the role of Tony . . . there is an effort, almost painful, about Frank Fay's portrayal of a priest . . . but there isn't any entertainment . . . and there isn't any art . . . and there is no (Continued on page 74)

"BUT, MY DEAR, HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST?"



... Paramount has actually got Jack Benny and Fred Allen to appear together on the screen for the first time in Paramount's big holiday show, "Love Thy Neighbor." Yes, and they've finally agreed to bury the hatchet . . . in each other's necks!



... Paramount has the first picture in which Paulette Goddard dances . . . and, do you know whom she's dancing with? Fred Astaire! Wait'll you see them do the "Dig It" in Paramount's big New Year's show, "Second Chorus."



... Yes, and did you know these big musicals are coming to your favorite theatre right in time for the Christmas holidays. You sure can do your Christmas movie shopping early!



Paramount presents
JACK BENNY • FRED ALLEN
in
"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"

with **MARY MARTIN • Verree Teasdale**
The Merry Macs • Virginia Dale
and **"ROCHESTER"**
Produced and Directed by
MARK SANDRICH



Paramount presents
FRED ASTAIRE • PAULETTE GODDARD
in
"Second Chorus"

with **ARTIE SHAW and his Band**
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
BURGESS MEREDITH
Produced by Boris Morros
Directed by H. C. Potter

Inside Stuff

All the Hollywood news you never read in the newspapers, reported to you firsthand—

BY
CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

WOMEN IN HOLLYWOOD'S SPOT-LIGHT: Hedy Lamarr, who has completely forgotten her nervous jitters and the family troubles that tore at her heart, has become a fun-loving, chattering, prank-playing imp on the "Comrade X" set. And all because that irresistible Gable has kidded Hedy out of those self-conscious blues into being a real and natural human being. It's a new Lamarr, take our word for it.

Ann Sothern, who can be such fun at home and abroad, can be the most domestic soul alive. Annie has just purchased a new sewing machine and is taking lessons like mad. Need anything special run up, girls?

A Star Looks at Hollywood: "To see ourselves as others see us" has been the experience of certain Hollywood ladies lately—with that baseball celebrity, Joe DiMaggio, doing the seeing. The result—we leave it to your imagination.

Joe claims Hollywood women all look alike to him and, what's more, he thinks they all dress alike. Why, Joey, how could you! However, he did make several exceptions and we hereby present DiMaggio's preferred list—

Mrs. Gary Cooper—because she is different.

Ann Sothern—because of her wit.

Deanna Durbin—because she is so beautiful.

Claudette Colbert—because of her taste in clothes.

How about it, fans? Do you agree with Joe or should he stick to baseball in the future?

No Doubts Allowed: If there is any question of true love between Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, it was settled for all time by those who glimpsed the pair together at a recent preview. Deanna, looking smart in brown trimmed with leopard, had eyes only for Paul; and Paul, need we say, had eyes only for Deanna.

Repeat Performance: Diners at the Brown Derby sat up and took notice when Artie Shaw and a brunette walked in and stood waiting for a table. Instinctively, every eye turned toward the booth where Lana Turner sat gazing into Victor Mature's eyes. Steaks grew cold

as diners watched Lana's exit. She could have chosen the Vine Street door and thus avoided Shaw altogether. But she didn't. She marched past him, into the Bamboo Room, with eyes straight ahead. The temperature dropped to zero. Artie laughed.

Last week Lana sat in the same booth gazing into Tony Martin's brown eyes, as Victor Mature and a blonde walked in and stood waiting for a table. Lana could have avoided him on the way out, but she didn't. The nod she gave him was barely noticeable. Victor sighed.

Hollywood is patiently waiting for the third act. We'll let you know later who plays the leading man.

Sophistication? Arline Judge's two young sons are visiting their respective fathers, Wesley Ruggles and Dan Topping, at the moment. Wesley married Frenchwoman Marcel Rogez and Dan is now married to Sonja Henie.

"I hope everything will be all right,"

You can hear
your Hollywood correspondent
CAL YORK
who now emcees
the radio program,

"I WANT A DIVORCE"

... with charming Joan Blondell and a host of companion stars of today and tomorrow.

Cal, who for years has been Hollywood's most famous news shadow, has now taken on a voice. Meet him vocally any Friday night at 9:30, E.S.T., over your nearest Mutual Broadcasting System station.

Arline sighed. "But if Wesley Jr. comes home speaking French and Dan Jr. returns on a pair of ice skates, I'll know all is lost."

Inside Information: Hollywood could not have been more concerned over the printed report of Myrna Loy's separation from her producer husband Arthur Hornblow. Mr. Hornblow protested so vigorously printed denials were immediately forthcoming.

But according to that little bird there was some fire to the smoke and we hear it all came about when the well-liked couple had one of those everyday misunderstandings that all married couples have, sooner or later, and the news became exaggerated.

So it isn't true, we're told, and that's that. Myrna looked mighty smart at the preview of "Third Finger, Left Hand," all done up in brown tailored suit and brown turban that exactly matched her freckles and set off her sunburned nose in fine fashion.

Party News: Leave it to Hollywood to think up ways and means of having fun at parties. The newest is the musical instrument gag that develops into an amateur orchestra with big-name guests furnishing the music, if such it can be called. Going on the assumption that everyone *thinks* he can play some instrument whether he can or not (Cal is sure he could outshine Krupa at the drums) the Jack Bennys, at a recent shindig, rented an assortment of musical noisemakers and bade the guests go to it. Clark Gable and Bob Taylor each grabbed a saxophone, Gracie Allen a flute, Barbara Stanwyck a trombone, Jack Benny a bass viol, while Mary Livingston snatched the drums. After due rehearsals (and the night shall be filled with music, did you say?) the amateur orchestra delivered, "I'll Never Smile Again," with variations.

George Burns declared he, for one, never would smile again.

Cupid Predictions: Those in-the-know vow that Bette Davis will one day rewed Harmon Nelson, her ex-husband.

"There never has been, and I'm sure there never will be, another man in
(Continued on page 8)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul: Their behavior at a preview settled all doubts



Why the Fox roster looks rosy: Betty Grable returns after her Broadway hit

Gable takes Lamarr in hand: On the set of "Comrade X" Hedy turns prank-playing imp



High-hat contingent is led by Marlene Dietrich in a sky's-the-limit turban



First nighters: The Ameches take a public bow on the birth of their fourth son



Cal York's Inside Stuff

Pickfair fete for China Relief: Chairmen: Rosalind Russell, Mary Pickford. Models: Pat Morison, Mary Healy, Dorothy Lamour, Gertrude Niesen and Mary Beth Hughes



Aviatrix inspires actresses: Lee Ya-ching, Miss Russell, Jane Withers and Mary Pickford

Two celebrities in the curio exhibit: Rosalind Russell points out fine points to John Garfield



HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

CRADE yourself ten points for every one you guess right. If you get 70 or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is 80, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of 100, you know as much as we do. Check up on page 62.

1. This suave English actor once earned his living by selling life insurance:

Herbert Marshall Leslie Howard
Basil Rathbone Ronald Colman

2. And this English actor once sold neckties:

Richard Greene Alan Mowbray
Cary Grant Brian Aherne

3. Can you name two fathers of four sons?

4. A broken ankle ended her dancing career, so she turned to the drama with great success:

Miriam Hopkins Joan Crawford
Marlene Dietrich Claudette Colbert

5. Name the former feature player whose smash success in a Broadway musical brought her back to Hollywood a star.

6. He was once mascot of the New York Yankees baseball team:

Mickey Rooney Jack Benny
Paul Muni George Raft

7. The last name of what actor, spelled backwards, is the first name of another actor?

8. An ex-oil field worker, his most recent starring picture deals with oil:

John Garfield Clark Gable
Pat O'Brien George Brent

9. The divorced husband, a playwright, of a foreign star now inactive in pictures is seriously dating another star who was recently widowed. Can you name all three parties?

10. Two of these actors have played the role of the *Cisco Kid* on the screen.

John Wayne Gary Cooper
Warner Baxter Cesar Romero

(Continued from page 6)

Bette's heart," a close friend of Bette's told us. From the report that reached Hollywood concerning the beaung about of Bette by Ham in New York, we're inclined to believe it.

What's more, we hear Ham wears a new assurance these days now that he's made a name for himself as a writer on the Fred Allen show.

So watch this carefully and be among the "I told you so-ers."

Sweet Charity: Hollywood folk are all a fever these days with the war relief, Chinese relief, Red Cross, indigent actors' relief, Community Chest, British relief and heaven knows what, until certain neglected husbands and beaus are screaming for relief against the reliefs. Roz Russell, who is heart and soul for the starving Chinese, threw a mighty classy party up at Pickfair recently, with all the stars contributing gifts to be raffled off. Roz was all over the place, making everyone feel at home on Mary Pickford's spacious grounds. Anna May Wong was resplendent in native costume. The only casualty was June Preisser, who sustained calluses on her thumb from tying cords on the gift rug she made by hand.

The "Cads," those illustrious boys who paraded in "Charlot's Review" (for the British Red Cross), are still the talk of the town, with Henry Fonda, Chester Morris, George Sanders, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and others appearing nightly in bathrobes and slippers to tell a screaming audience just how caddish they really were—especially with the women. If some producer could transfer this Cad Chorus to celluloid, what a riot it would create.

The "Bundles For Britain" group (more B. relief), including Loretta



Young, Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, Merle Oberon and others, are racing all over town in armored cars to pick up donated jewels to be auctioned off. Mary Pickford donated sapphire studs and cufflinks that belonged to Doug Fairbanks Sr. and one star (who must be nameless) offered three slightly used wedding rings.

Janie Withers will trek all the way to Montreal, Canada, for a personal appearance in behalf of British relief and Bob Hope turned down \$20,000 (whewie) for a week's turn at the Paramount Theater in Los Angeles to join "Charlot's Review" for one week at a salary equaling exactly zero.

You can be sure, wherever you find a gathering for the British relief in Hollywood, you'll find Freddie Bartholomew, ready to give of his talents, his smiles and his well-earned dollar bills, or all three. In fact, Freddie is rapidly becoming the best liked young man around the town's relief parties and certainly proved an asset to Esther Ralston's charity fete.

Production Notes: Shirley Temple will join the M-G-M forces and Leo the Lion couldn't be happier. Fans hope there will be plenty of room for little Shirley in this studio of youth, for certainly Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and June Preisser keep the writers down there pretty busy.

Handsome John Howard has signed with Universal. And, incidentally, Hedy Lamarr denies any romance with John as reported. "I dined only once with Mr. Howard," says Hedy and adds, "He's a very fine person."

(Continued on page 61)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

It's Here!

The thundering story that
challenges all filmdom to
match its excitement!

"Iron Rails to Kansas . . .

Iron Nerves from there on!"



WARNER BROS. PRESENT

ERROL FLYNN
OLIVIA DEHAVILLAND

in

Santa Fe Trail

A thousand miles of danger with a thousand thrills a mile!

Original Screen Play
by Robert Buckner
Music by Max Steiner

with RAYMOND MASSEY
RONALD REAGAN • ALAN HALE

Wm. Lundigan • Van Heflin • Gene Reynolds
Henry O'Neill • Guinn 'Big Boy' Williams

DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ

WATCH!

The big hit right after
'Santa Fe Trail' will be
'FOUR MOTHERS'
It's the wonderful new
Warner Bros. picture
starring the 'Four
Daughters'!

When Betty Brewer starts to sing, the public applauds her, but it's a different story with her dog Mike

GUEST EDITOR

BETTY BREWER



MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR

DEAR JUNIORS:

It's still almost unbelievable to me that I'm really in the movies. It all happened so quickly and we had such a hard time of it for so long, and now everything's turned out all right, and I feel like Cinderella about the whole thing. "Rangers of Fortune" was my first picture and I loved every minute of it. Fred MacMurray and Pat Morison were the leads and everyone was so wonderful that I was excited all the way through. Here's how it all happened:

Three years ago when I was 10 years old, my family decided to leave Joplin, Missouri, and come to Sacramento, where Dad thought he could find work. My sister, Ilene, who's 12 now, and my brother, Monte, who's 8, and I had been singing together ever since we were kids, so we figured that things would be easier for us if we managed to get a job. We went to the Chamber of Commerce in Sacramento and told them we could sing and asked them to let us sing at banquets and places like that.

Well, they said we could start right off by singing at a banquet for the Governor. We were going to go on right after his speech. We thought he'd give a long speech and we'd have plenty of time to wait for our turn, but all he said was that he was glad to be there and first thing we knew there we were, ready to sing. Our songs were "A Tisket, A Tasket" and "Rancho Grande"—and were we excited about singing in public like that!

A funny thing about that banquet was that the waiters kept taking our plates away before we were finished with them, so finally we went out to the kitchen and sang for the cook and had our dinner there.

Then, after quite a while, when we had been trying every place to get a job, we finally landed on radio station KGO and sang there for a time. Then the station sent us down to San Francisco to enter an amateur contest that was called the "Homestead Amateur Hour" and we won the contest, which was certainly a good break. They organized a vaudeville unit that played in small towns all over northern California and we went along with that. We played all over, from one town to another.

We had all decided that maybe things would be better in Hollywood and perhaps we could find jobs down here, so we started saving our money. During that tour we pinched every penny we could get our hands on and did without everything possible and finally in June, 1939, we moved to Hollywood.

We got a job singing on a radio station here for practically peanuts, but anyway it was money coming in. That was fine for a while, but after eight weeks we got fired and times got pretty hard. Dad couldn't find work, even though he spent

every day trying to get something and we were pretty desperate.

Ilene and Monte and I sang at benefits and every possible place to earn some money and we got a break by singing in a short for Warner Brothers studio and then in a picture at Republic.

After that we couldn't get anything else to do, so we started to sing in the street in front of the Beachcomber's in Hollywood. It's a very popular cafe and the people coming in and out would stop and listen to us and give us some money. We usually made enough each week for the rent and groceries. After about three months, we decided we'd been there long enough so we went over to the Brown Derby in Hollywood. One day Mr. Sam Wood came out of the Derby and listened to us for a while. He directed "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and many other famous pictures and it turned out that he had been searching for a girl to play in "Rangers of Fortune." He told us who he was and after he talked to us for a long time he asked me to come to the studio the next day.

At the studio I sang several times for lots of people and then they gave me a script to read and I took a screen test with Mr. Albert Dekker.

Then nothing happened. A month went by without my hearing another word from anyone. Then they called me up one day and I came down to the studio again and they signed me for the part. Was that a break! I still can't get over it. While I was working in "Rangers of Fortune," Mr. Harry Sherman, the producer, saw the rushes and said that he wanted me to go into "The Roundup" with Richard Dix and Preston Foster and Patricia Morison next, so everything's just swell.

The studio hired Ilene to be my stand-in and we both go to school on the lot, which is really fun. I'm in the 9B. Monte goes to a regular public school.

Susan Hayward gave me a little Scotty which I named Mike and he has gotten simply crazy about Monte. He won't sleep unless he can lie on Monte's shoes; and he can't stand to hear us sing. The minute we start, he begins to cry; and it's gotten so we can hardly open our mouths to sing at home, he objects so strongly.

The only one in my family that's ever been in show business in any way is my Uncle Doc. He runs a tent show that's called "The Silver Star Players" and it travels all over the Southwest. I've never met him yet, but I'm looking forward to it.

I'm crazy about everyone I've met at the studio. They've all been swell to me and I feel like they're part of my family. Robert Preston's my favorite actor, though. He's even better looking off the screen; and he's a grand person.

Thanks for reading this letter; I enjoyed writing to you and it would make me very happy to have you write to me too.

Sincerely,

BETTY BREWER.

P.S.—I'd like to know who your favorite actor is, too, so if you'll write and tell me who he is and why, I'll give ten autographed photographs to the ten boys or girls writing in the most interesting letters. Miss Betty Turner will help me judge them and please write me in care of Movie Mirror, Junior, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, but please be sure to mail your letters before December 25th, 1940.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly, we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

We are glad to announce the following winners in the Movie MIRROR Junior-Joan Carroll contest:

Dolores Brown, 711 N. Congress St., Jackson, Miss.; Pat Lundie, Box 193, Red Deer, Alberta, Canada; Shirley Keen, 201 W. Lincoln, Streator, Ill.; Amanda Hancock, Route 2, Box 98B, Alachua, Fla.; Miyoko Kuramoto, 2514 3rd Ave., Seattle, Wash.; Emma Carol Gandy, Society Hill, S. C.; Mary Wurzer, 1114 W. 101 St., Los Angeles, Cal.; Ann Nettleship, 205 South Franklin St., Sidney, O.; Elaine Lander, 502-30th Ave., Seattle, Wash.; Elsie Minor, Route 2, Petersburg, Va.

THE GLORIOUS SEQUEL TO "LITTLE WOMEN" BECOMES
THE GRANDEST COMEDY-ROMANCE OF THE YEAR!

Only Louisa May Alcott, author of "Little Women," the picture millions will always remember, could write this sequel you will never forget. More laughs . . . more romance . . . more downright enjoyment than you've had since you can remember!



Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. Produced by Gene Towne and Graham Baker • Screen Play by Mark Kelly and Arthur Caesar

POLL OF THE YEAR

An "at a glance" summary of the consensus of readers' opinions in 1940 with typical excerpts from letters to Movie Mirror and Photoplay

Favorite Actress Favorite Actor Most Popular Film Newest "Dark Horse" Pet Peeve



BETTE DAVIS

"The whole world acclaims Bette Davis as the outstanding actress in filmdom."

E. A. Heaton,
Monterey Park,
Cal.



SPENCER TRACY

"Spencer Tracy . . . is the finest actor of the screen."

Hattie Cullivan
Paris, Tenn.



"GONE WITH THE WIND"

(Over 250 letters extolling this film were received from readers)



GEORGE SANDERS

"He is one of the most accomplished actors; he is one of the most neglected; he is definitely appealing."

Florence Horner
Clarksburg,
W. Va.



GINGER ROGERS

"What has she ever done to hairdressers and designers to make them treat her the way they do?"

Florence Porteous
Prout's Neck,
Maine

\$10.00 PRIZE

No Rehearsal

I WAS sitting quietly in a pew in a quaint church in the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles. Someone tapped me on the shoulder and asked me to move

It was Tyrone Power, so much younger and handsomer than he appears on the screen.

With him was Annabella, very young, very blonde and very beautifully dressed all in pale green.

When it came time for the offertory the sexton came and asked Mr. Power to pass the collection basket. Evidently it was the first time he had ever been

asked to assist. He was so awkward and he became more and more embarrassed as people stared at him. His wife watching him shook with silent laughter. When he returned to the pew, mopping his face with a large blue silk handkerchief, Annabella patted his hand.

The priest shook hands with us as we left the church and, laughing, said "This was one morning when the collection basket was not ignored!"

GRACE M. HULST, R.N.
Santa Monica, Cal.

\$5.00 PRIZE

Horse of a Romantic Color

CLARK GABLE is a very natural, homespun sort of actor that never seems to go high-hat or stale. I like him. All his pictures, including the much-criticized "Parnell," have been good in my estimation.

The nicest, most pleasant things I've ever read in Photoplay or any other picture magazine in regard to my actor are the things written about the Gable farm. Not that I feel Clark could enjoy ploughing through the fields of mud and slop I've witnessed in the country . . . but with his money, the up-to-date paraphernalia and what-not, his farm is a wonderland and it is credit to his wisdom to live that clean, wholesome, sane life.

Confidentially, as things are now, I wouldn't much mind being a horse on the Gable farm.

Not that I'd expect Carole to waste a bedtime story upon me . . . but it looks like the Gables are just that swell!

SYBIL LEACH
St. Joseph, Mo.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Apple of a Manly Eye

HAVE just finished reading "Confessions of a Shy Girl" in November Movie Mirror. That article confirms what I have always thought: "Olivia de Havilland is a darned nice gal!"

Though I am somewhat mature, to put it mildly, and a bit cynical, to express it conservatively, I must confess that her appearance on screen or on magazine page causes me to feel a throb, due northwest from my left side, which I am positive is not indigestion.

While I can detect a glimmer from the glamour of the exotic ones on the screen and do not find it the hardest of duties to gaze upon the cuties of the films, Olivia de Havilland with her beauty, talent and good breeding is the apple of my aged eye.

If the Honorable James Stewart, whom I also greatly respect, does not soon stand waiting for this grand girl to come down a church aisle, while his best man wonders where in heck he put that ring, I will be greatly disappointed in him.

FRED B. MANN
Danville, Ill.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Oh me, Oh my,
Oh, what a Day!
Alarming and charming
And here to stay
Oh, lovely, lovable,
Laraine Day

WHO is the "find of the year"? This is a very difficult question to answer, for never has the screen offered a larger

or more promising field than that of this year. Take a pencil and paper and see how many names you can list that could be considered for this honor. The number of names will surprise you.

Of course, every movie fan has his own choice, but I think they all will agree that Laraine Day will be one of the best bets.

Miss Day is a fine actress, having made her small parts outstanding, and has proven that she is by her wonderful performance in "Foreign Correspondent." Few actresses have worked harder and none more willingly in order to become a great star.

Having followed her closely in her climb to stardom—from the Westerns, through "Sergeant Madden," the Dr. Kil-dare pictures, her outstanding performance in "My Son, My Son," up to the present day, I feel certain she will not disappoint me or any other person who has untiringly watched her rise to be the "find" of the year. Laraine Day, one of the great stars in the future!

W. F. McGUIRE, JR.
Little Rock, Arkansas

\$1.00 PRIZE

National Defense Plan

AUTHORS, director, producer and actors presenting "Foreign Correspondent" all rate a big hand for this stirring revelation of modern political intrigue.

While you are breathlessly watching this exciting story develop, there is a sense of seeing the real madness of the world. Your heart pounds and nerves grow tense with the picturization of that will to dominate all nations, inspired by mad "love for country" and mad indifference to human life.

The quick action, realistic drama, supported by sincere, capable acting, is excellent educational propaganda, sure to arouse patriotism and love for liberty. In the present crucial period, "Foreign Correspondent" should be available immediately, free, to all students in our

Speak FOR YOURSELF

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

high schools, colleges and universities, and to industrial groups, as part of our national defense plan. This vivid two-hour screen portrayal of ruthless ambition and greed for power is worth millions of words.

Those blessed with the rights of freedom in our great republic can see what treachery and cruelty exist where the "lights have gone out."

May they understand that love, friendship, trust and honor will continue to exist here, only if we keep the "lights burning in America."

EDITH L. KOERNER
Patchogue, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Limelight Line-up

WITH the football season officially opened and "Knute Rockne—All American" on the horizon, I deemed it to be very appropriate time for someone to select the Hollywood All-Stars Football Team. With this thought in mind, I sat down, and after much deliberation, completed the following line-up.

Position	Player
Left End.....	Wayne Morris
Remarks:	Aeronautics expert
Left Tackle.....	Edw. G. Robinson
Remarks:	Even without a tommy-gun
Left Guard.....	Vic McLaglen
Remarks:	Just a bruiser at heart
Center.....	Brian Donlevy
Remarks:	Tough as any
Right Guard.....	Guinn Williams
Remarks:	"Big Boy," isn't he?
Right Tackle.....	Humphrey Bogart
Remarks:	Booooo!
Right End.....	Ronald Reagan
Remarks:	Catch as catch can

Quarterback.....Jimmy Cagney
Remarks: T.N.T. (Terror's Nasty Tot)
Right Half.....Jimmy Stewart
Remarks: Feet, do your stuff!!
Left Half.....Cary Grant
Remarks: The fighting clown
Fullback.....Clark Gable
Remarks: Triple threat anywhere
Coach.....Pat O'Brien
Remarks: Who else???
Trainer.....W. C. Fields
Remarks: Spike the water-buckets
Substitute.....Charlie McCarthy
Remarks: He'll give the bench splinters.

JOHN HAMMETT
Washington, D. C.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Thought for the Day

NOTHING makes me any madder than to read in a newspaper or hear over the radio that a certain Hollywood couple is getting a divorce. Here where I live a man and a woman get married and stay married "until death do us part," but out in Hollywood a man or woman gets married and then after a few months or sometimes a few years the novelty begins to wear off and they get a divorce, but they still "are the best of friends." Don't they take their marriage vows seriously? Are they trying to be Brigham Youngs and accumulate quite a number of ex-wives and ex-husbands? If they have a child, that doesn't make any difference either—it is usually passed from one parent to another for a certain number of months, but it really doesn't have a home. In conclusion—you Hollywood people stay married and your public will like you a lot more.

MILDRED ANN FAGG,
Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

HONORABLE MENTION

DO not think that men should be forced to fight for their country. They should be soundly motivated to fight. The dashing young ladies of Hollywood should furnish this motivation. I think that every young man in the Army, Navy, Marines and Coast Guard is entitled to a kiss from any movie star he chooses to kiss. If the glamour girls of Hollywood were free enough with their kisses there would be no use in Congress passing conscription. Now if Ann Sheridan would let me embrace her I would gladly join the Army.

CHARLES SHEPARD,
Bellville, Ga.

THIS is just a note, however, I would like to request a full display of that lovely Warner Brothers actress . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald. I have been a steady reader of Photoplay for many years and have noticed several times you've made me very happy and pleased with articles and pictures of my favorite actress, Geraldine Fitzgerald!

I'm sure there will be many fans who will be very appreciative of this.

BETTE DOLL,
Branch Hill, O.

AFTER viewing "We Who Are Young," I almost felt it a duty to write this fan letter. All of you M-G-M gentlemen better look to your laurels, that's all I have to say. Here is certainly a young man to watch and predicting not too distant stardom for him is not fantastic in my humble estimation. Lots and lots of success, John Shelton!

L. STANTON,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Lovely Brides Thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!



● "I'm just thrilled by new Camay's wonderful mildness," says Mrs. F. M. Smith, Jr., Jackson Heights, L. I. "I always take extra care with my skin—so I like a very mild beauty soap. New Camay is so mild it actually seems to soothe my skin as it cleanses. And that new fragrance is just marvelous!"

Camay now
Milder than
other Leading
Beauty Soaps!



At your dealer's now,
no change in wrapper!



● "When I tell you that Camay is even more wonderful than ever, that means something!" writes Mrs. R. C. Hughes, Yeadon, Pennsylvania. "I wouldn't ask for a milder soap."

NO WONDER women everywhere are talking about this wonderful new Camay—for tests against 6 of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find proved that new Camay was milder than any of them, gave more abundant lather in a short time.

If, like many beautiful women, you have a skin that seems rather sensitive, try new Camay. See for yourself how much its extra mildness . . . its more gentle cleansing . . . can help you in your search for a lovelier skin!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

THE SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Dream world of magic: John Justin, June Duprez and Sabu in "The Thief of Bagdad"



Neither tragedy nor comedy: Jack Oakie and Charles Chaplin in "The Great Dictator"

✓✓ The Thief of Bagdad (Alexander Korda)

You'll See: Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, John Justin, Rex Ingram, Miles Malleon, Morton Selten.

It's About: Arabian Nights story of how a young thief helps a king to find his love.

FANTASY in the most spectacular manner, this charming fable is so lavishly dressed in gorgeous color and amazing technical effects that it takes you into a dream world where pure beauty, black villainy, true love and magic hold sway.

Sabu is utterly delightful as the youthful thief of Bagdad who gives up his own dreams of adventure to help the king overcome the villainy of Conrad Veidt in order to rescue the lovely princess June Duprez.

Veidt, by the power of his dreadful magic, blinds the king and transforms Sabu into a dog in his attempts to secure Miss Duprez for himself. But when Sabu liberates the powerful Genie of the Bottle and steals the All-Seeing Eye, the fantastic adventure becomes even more exciting.

John Justin is excellent as the deposed king and Conrad Veidt is superbly sinister as the cunning prime minister. June Duprez is a beautiful princess, seeking always to return to her love. Rex Ingram gives a fine portrayal of the fantastic genie who grants three wishes to Sabu.

The picture is pure charm and delight, with thrilling incidents and high lights photographed in exquisite Technicolor.

Your Reviewer Says: See it by all means.

✓ The Great Dictator (Chaplin-U. A.)

You'll See: Charles Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, Jack Oakie, Reginald Gardiner, Henry Daniell, Billy Gilbert, Grace Hayle.
It's About: A barber who is mistaken for a dictator.

THE great preview night with "The Great Dictator" has come and gone, with Hollywood looking about a bit bewilderedly for some place to check the laughs and chuckles they had stored up for months and failed to emit at the picture. There are so few places for laughter.

Something, somewhere, went wrong, we're afraid, for the laugh-provoking episodes, peculiar to Chaplin's pictures, are missing except in rare spots. Maybe dictators are nothing to laugh at, or it may be Chaplin became so engrossed in a "cause" he forgot a "because."

His pantomime moments are his best. The shaving scene to the accompaniment of Brahms' symphony, his dance with a balloon world, his double-talk orations are the high lights. But still it remains a picture one doesn't forget, a picture too near tragedy to be comic and too near comedy to be tragic. It is neither.

Chaplin talks, of course, for the first time and the final scene is a plea for brotherly love that also seems to miss its mark. Jack Oakie is, as someone said, still an old Oakie bucket and not a Mussolini by the wildest stretch of imagination. Paulette Goddard is fair.

But still—at the risk of your accusing us of fence-straddling—we urge you to see it. It's worth it and, in a satire of this sort, one must make up his own mind.

Your Reviewer Says: So different.

✓ Honeymoon For Three (Warners)

You'll See: Ann Sheridan, George Brent, Charles Ruggles, Osa Massen, William T. Orr, Lee Patrick, Jane Wyman, Johnny Downs.

It's About: An author, the women who mob him, and his secretary.

THIS gay, frothy comedy is so fast paced and has so many funny characterizations that it will amuse you wholeheartedly and you'll be surprised at the true flair for comedy that the luscious Ann Sheridan displays.

George Brent, handsome and fan-plagued author, is engaged to his secretary, Ann, whose business it is to keep the adulatory females out of his hair. She does fine at this until they arrive in Cleveland on a lecture tour and Osa Massen, an old college flame of George's, tries to renew their old romance. Osa's husband, Charles Ruggles, doesn't object to this, but Jane Wyman and Bill Orr do, since they're afraid of a scandal. When George and Osa disappear together, Ruggles finally gets furious and slaps an alienation of affections suit on George and names him as correspondent in his divorce suit. This at long last is too much for Ann so she quits her job, although George is depending on her.

You'll roar at the eager young attorneys who share a suite of offices but don't have any clients and also at the mother determined to have George christen her baby. All the performers are well cast and very funny, but Ann steals all the honors.

Your Reviewer Says: Fast and funny.
(Continued on page 86)

See Pictures in the Cutting Room on Page 88. For Complete Casts, See Page 92

Dear White Collar Girls:
 Here's the first real honest-to-Pitman
 picture of you—you fighting for love
 and a living in a man's world—you in
 your slip and your hair in curlers, all
 alone by a telephone that never seems to
 ring. It's as candid as the Boss when he
 bawls you out—as true-to-life as the talk
 in the Ladies' Lounge. It's the big ro-
 mance you've either had or dreamed about
 —from the big best-seller of the year.
 —Kitty Foyle

GINGER ROGERS

In the First Great Romance of the White Collar Girl

"KITTY FOYLE"

Christopher Morley's Natural History of a Woman
 With

DENNIS MORGAN • JAMES CRAIG

Eduardo Ciannelli • Ernest Cossart • Gladys Cooper

Directed by SAM WOOD

Who Made "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"

RKO RADIO PICTURE



Produced by David Hempstead • Harry E. Edington, Executive Producer • Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo and Donald Ogden Stewart

**THE MUSICAL OF OUR EXCITING TIMES!
BIG AS ITS STARS! GREAT AS ITS SONGS!**

Alice FAYE

Surpassing her "Alexander's
Ragtime Band" success!

Betty GRABLE

The "Down Argentine Way" star
... more torchy, more dazzling!

TIN PAN ALLEY

... the
unbelievable
street where
songs are
born!

Jack OAKIE

The comic who's just
come into his own!

John PAYNE

A new romantic thrill
when he makes love
to K-K-Katy!

**Tin Pan Alley's
Greatest Songs!**

New —

"You Say the Sweetest Things (Baby)"
by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

Old —

"K-K-K-Katy", "When You Were
A Tulip And I Wore A Big Red
Rose", "Moonlight Bay", "Good-
bye Broadway, Hello France",
"The Sheik of Araby", "America
I Love You"

and
**Allen Jenkins • Esther Ralston
Nicholas Brothers • Ben Carter**

Directed by **Walter Lang**

Associate Producer **Kenneth Macgowan** • Screen Play
by **Robert Ellis and Helen Logan** • Based on a story
by **Pamela Harris** • Dances staged by **Seymour Felix**

Coming soon

From 20th Century-Fox!

**HENRY FONDA
DOROTHY LAMOUR
LINDA DARNELL**

in
"CHAD HANNA"

In Technicolor

PAUL MUNI

"HUDSON'S BAY"

with
Gene Tierney





Judith Garland



Bob Hope



Alice Faye

Appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Tin Pan Alley"



James Stewart

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



Two Great Magazines for the Price of One

THIS month we present to you the first issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, and in all frankness we have tried to make it the biggest money's worth on the newsstands today.

There are so many fine movie magazines available that the task we set for ourselves was not an easy one. Whether we have succeeded, by linking the facilities and spirit of the two great magazines, PHOTOPLAY and MOVIE MIRROR, in giving you the sort of magazine you would want to buy before you buy any other, only you can decide.

For many years PHOTOPLAY has been on the market as a twenty-five-cent publication. By combining its huge subscription and newsstand following and its staff and writers with those of MOVIE MIRROR, the publisher proposes to give you a quarter's worth for ten cents.

MOVIE MIRROR readers will recognize in PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR the same format, the same spirit, the same writers as they've had in their own magazine, in addition to those who have graced the pages of PHOTOPLAY.

Those readers will find also the new color portrait section which ends on the opposite page. I know how difficult it is for readers to get good color portraits of their favorite stars for framing and for albums. I hope I am right in assuming that they fill a need. If I am right, wouldn't you like to suggest stars for these pages? All the movie companies take beautiful Kodachrome pictures which we can reproduce on these pages and PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR has under exclusive contract Hyman Fink, who is able to take portraits, candid and formal, of all the stars. You will find some two-color reproductions of his candid snapshots on another page.

In the succeeding pages there are features we of the editorial board believe to be the most provocative in this type of magazine today. "Don't Be a Draft Bride!" by

Bette Davis is based on the assumption that little has been done about advising the women of America on the difficult personal problems arising from the draft. I am exceedingly proud to be able to offer Miss Bette Davis' daring and provocative article on this subject.

YOU and your friends will hear much of "Fearless" in the coming months because "Fearless" is a writer who disproves the suspicion, which I have often heard, that motion-picture magazines don't really print the truth about Hollywood. This is a slander. On the one hand, it is true that we who love Hollywood don't want to look at it from the worst side or to make its undoubted glamour look like something shoddy and cynical. On the other, we know that Hollywood has its unpleasant sides, and when it is for the good of Hollywood itself as well as for the readers of this magazine, I would not hesitate to expose them. No, PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR is not afraid to publish the truth about Hollywood and, if there are foibles and failings in the Hollywood picture, "Fearless" will unhesitatingly analyze and explain them to you on these pages. "Hollywood's Super Headaches" is the first of these relentlessly honest stories.

On the daring side also is Hedda Hopper's "Resolutions The Stars Should Make." She by no means expresses the opinions of this publication or its editors. Her comments express her own personal view and should be read as such. Many of the people she mentions are friends of this magazine, but I know that they all can "take it."

Won't you tell me which story you liked most and which story you liked least? Address me at 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. And if we have succeeded in making PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR the kind of magazine you want, won't you tell your friends about it?

Ernest V. Heyn

Hi gang!

Can you take it? Here's
a good chance to find out
—at a Withers jamboree

IMAGINE being 14 and earning approximately \$2,000 a week!

Imagine being 14, a mere sub-deb, and having a home of your exclusive own, with a drawing room complete with grand piano and open fireplace; a playroom complete with soda bar and fully equipped kitchen; a beauty parlor complete with hair dryers, vibrators, manicure table, shampoo, washstand and mirrors; your very own bedroom, all done up in 500 yards of palest pink chiffon (because you are young enough to think pink chiffon is the keenest thing!), with a seven-foot-long, six-foot-wide bed set imperially on a dais; a giant bath, with tub and shower and every conceivable variety of soap and bath salts; a huge mirror-walled dressing room, a vast closet as big as many a bedroom with your clothes concealed behind mirror doors that open with a secret spring (zowie!) and nothing showing on the outside but row upon



Good beginning—8 a.m. bike ride. Bad end—a spill. Joe Brown, Elyse Knox and Jane

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Come over to Janie's!

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Photographs by HYMAN FINK

The Withers' pace: Archery with Joe Brown is sandwiched in between Ping-pong and a wild bit of badminton



Short pause for long sodas with Jane behind the bar. Three sodas is considered par



Sample of what you're in for: Rand Brooks and Elyse Knox in the gang's pet badminton act



Safety first: The author gangs up with expert Ohrt on the early morning bicycle trek

Refueling is done buffet fashion. Left to right: Tommy Kelly, Linda Ware, Joe Brown, Jane and Rand Brooks



row of bottled perfumes stretching from floor to ceiling.

Having imagined that, imagine having an adoring mother and father and being permitted to entertain your own gang of pals, some sixteen strong, every Sunday in your own gardens around your own swimming pool, with hot and cold drinks on the playhouse porch and delicious food spread out and waiting on tables under the trees.

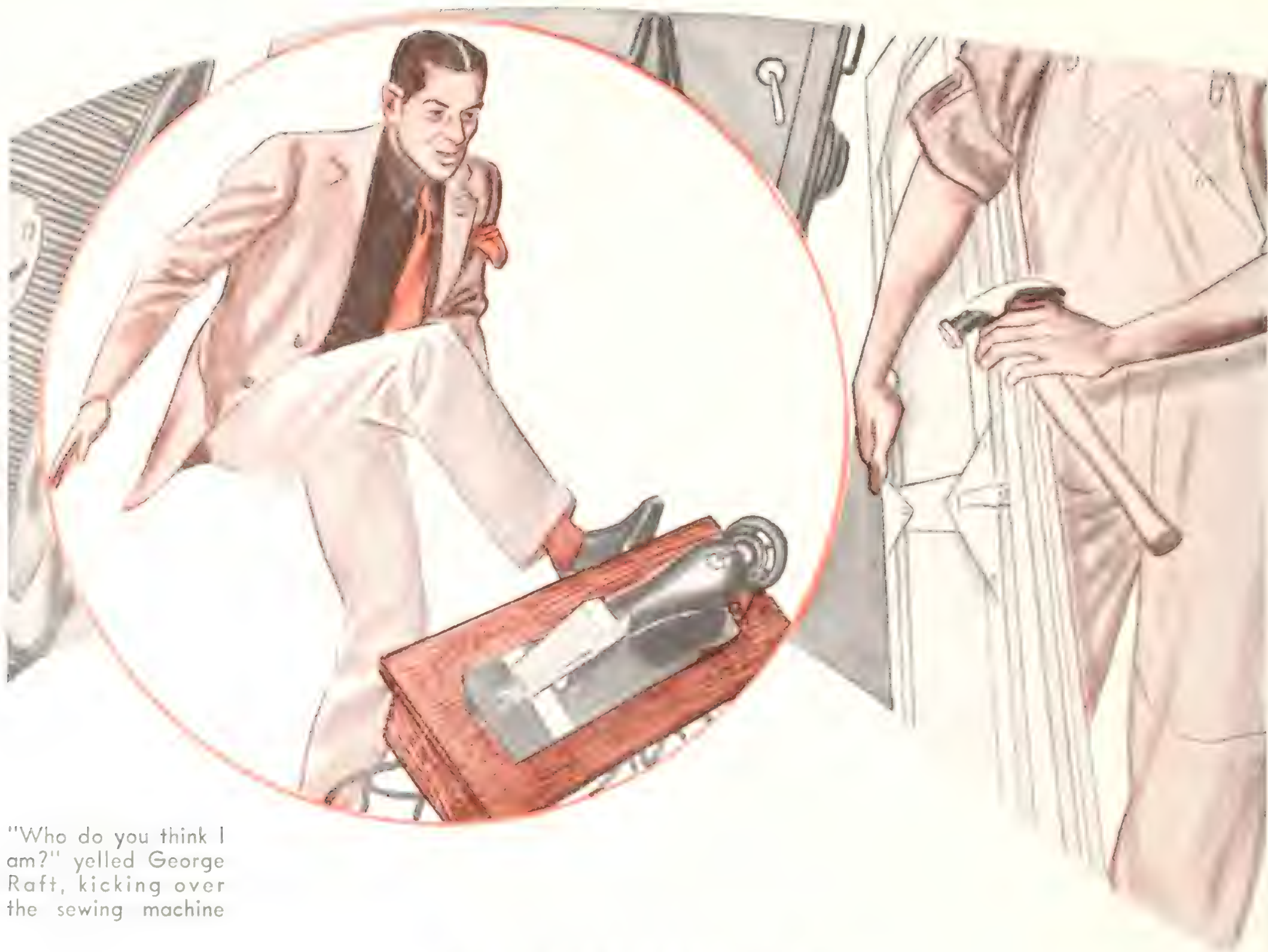
Don't you think all that would turn your head? We know it would ours. But it hasn't turned Jane Withers'.

Jane, you see, is the 14-year-old

described above. What's more, she has earned all this, even including the adoration of her unbelievably sensible parents, by her own talents. Because of the sum of it, she is fast becoming the best young hostess in Hollywood.

Three years ago, Jane discovered on the outskirts of Hollywood a brand-new, rambling white farmhouse that she thought was just the home she wanted to live in. Her parents bought it for her. It was a fine house for an 11-year-old, but, with the passing of each season in which Jane gained inches and friends, the With-

ers soon saw she was outgrowing her self-selected homestead. Also "Pop" and "Mom" ("Pop" keeps right on with his job with an oil-heating concern—he being a sturdy, contented, pleasantly independent soul who will never be tabbed "Jane's manager" no matter how high his daughter soars) saw that Jane was about to emerge into young womanhood with all its attendant trials and temptations, plus Jane's additional complexities of being a celebrity. It didn't seem too wise to have her go out into the world and mingle (*Continued on page 64*)



"Who do you think I am?" yelled George Raft, kicking over the sewing machine

HOLLYWOOD'S Super Headaches

LIGHTS! Camera! Action! Loretta Young, Tyrone Power and Adolphe Menjou start to play an important scene for a motion picture titled "Cafe Metropole." The set is the lobby of a luxurious hotel. Miss Young and Power are seated on a lounge in the foreground, talking earnestly. In the background, leaning against a pillar, Adolphe Menjou is puffing on a cigaret.

Engrossed with the dialogue between Miss Young and Power, Director Edward Griffith is not watching Menjou, who has no dialogue in the scene. With nothing else to do, Menjou calmly starts

to blow some smoke rings.

They are beautiful, symmetrical smoke rings which rise gracefully towards the ceiling. Inhaling deep from his cigaret, Menjou continues to blow

the rings until there is a group of assorted sizes drifting above his head.

Loretta Young and Tyrone Power continue their dialogue under Director Griffith's concentrated gaze, but no one else on the set is either listening to or looking at Miss Young or Power. They are watching, instead, Adolphe Menjou's smoke rings.

Sound men, carpenters, grips, electricians, wardrobe and make-up men and assorted flunkies are gazing, fascinated, at the wreaths of smoke. Director Griffith suddenly becomes aware of what

HOLLYWOOD UNDER THE LID

There is a side of the citadels of glamour which rarely comes to view; a side which is jammed down into the box and covered with a tightly fitted lid. If you see this human side of your idols, will you love them less for their flesh and blood? We think not. And so in this new series we propose to blow the lid off Hollywood—in a very nice way!



by "FEARLESS"

Claudette Colbert won't have her right profile photographed. On one set there was no other way for her to be shot. She fumed; they rebuilt the set

is happening and, gnashing his teeth, stops the camera so suddenly a couple of words are frozen between Miss Young's lips.

"Please, please, Mr. Menjou," says Director Griffith, pulling his hat down over his ears and glaring at the actor. "Those are beautiful smoke rings—elegant smoke rings. They're probably more entertaining than the dialogue. But we are telling a story here and we do not want audiences to forget it because of your ability to blow smoke rings."

Adolphe Menjou, caught red-handed, grins shamefacedly and promises to re-

frain from such unethical tactics.

Such a scene-stealing trick as smoke rings is only one of the many things which, all added up, give Hollywood motion-picture directors headaches—

the most supercolossal headaches in the world. No wonder the film capital consumes more headache tablets than any other city in the world. And it's a good guess that film directors use most of them.

Directing a motion picture is a job which requires the nerve of a New York steel worker, the fortitude of a six-day bicycle racer, the showmanship of a circus ring-master, the shrewdness of a financier, the knowledge of a college president, the mind of a psychologist, the deduction powers of a *Sherlock Holmes* and the cunning of a big-time
(Continued on page 75)

WHO IS "FEARLESS"?

You'll be asking this question after you've read the stimulating and intriguing revelations of what goes on behind the shutters of cameraland. And you'll be even more curious after you read the stories by "Fearless" in later issues of Photoplay-Movie Mirror. We are purposely keeping him—or should we say her—anonymous to give him (her) the widest latitude in telling you about Hollywood Under The Lid

Resolutions

THE STARS SHOULD MAKE

By Hedda Hopper



A famous Hollywood columnist, movie and radio star in her own right, takes the starlined traffic for an amusing ride

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The opinions expressed by Miss Hopper in this article are entirely her own and not necessarily those of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR—E.V.H.*

It may be a little impertinent on my part to suggest resolutions for our stars, but what's a little bit of cheek between friends? And heaven only knows nobody needs a crystal ball to follow some of these resolutions which should be made and I hope will be kept. Therefore, calmly and without any spleen, here goes.

Clark Gable's first resolution for 1941 should be to give us a Junior . . . Greta Garbo should forget dieticians, music maestros, and concentrate on new clothes, leaving turtle-neck sweaters to Lana Turner . . . Judy Garland, for every picture a song like "Dear Mr. Gable"—and for my money, Judy deserves co-starring with Mr. Gable. How about it, fans? . . . That Greer Garson's every picture be made in color. You haven't really seen that girl yet . . . Katharine Hepburn should sign the book to keep her nose out of politics and stick to acting. She'll last longer. Or, as the Chinese say, "Tread softer and go farther!"

Billie Burke should definitely make up her mind to acquire another *Topper* cycle and make the American mother look like Billie Burke . . .

Nelson Eddy can skip the resolution and simply forget his story about women throughout the country stampeding him. It's beginning to sound like wishful thinking! And for Hedy Lamarr, a much, much longer courting period before another mating season comes around. Give yourself a chance as well as the guy.

Myrna Loy should dress up a bit more for company—and interviewers. Even they like their stars glamorous . . . Jeanette MacDonald should keep her resolution to sing the Wedding March loud and long and ignore the puling lyrics of the whispering chorus . . . George Murphy should not only resolve, but work like the very devil to get another picture with Judy Garland like "Little Nelly Kelly" . . . Walter Pidgeon should resolutely decide to have Metro give him a decent role or let him go to another studio where they will.

Mickey Rooney should make up his mind that he's gotten this far in his own inimitable way and forget the extra height he craves . . . Eleanor Powell should forego starring parts, give the world, or what's left of it, her all in one or two dance numbers to a picture . . . Ann Southern should give *Maisie* back to the studio and settle for a part worthy of her talents. Let's keep 1941 exciting!

Jimmy Stewart really ought to marry Olivia de Havilland—the reso-

lution's been before the public long enough. Then we can relax—maybe she can, too . . . Bob Taylor should gracefully, or disgracefully, resolve himself another "Camille," giving all men an excuse to work up a lather of hate and making women more envious of Barbara . . . For a full year let Spencer Tracy determine to ignore biographies and be himself. Most people think that's enough.

If there was some way of injecting sex appeal into Bob Young, he'd make 1941 seem like ten years instead of one . . . John Carroll should take the diapers off his mentality and put it in long trousers and, for heaven's sake, stop being coy about his singing. It's swell.

Resolution for Harpo Marx: To represent our local Jewish charities and promote his race to the high plane it merits; to take the crown away from that other comic, Eddie Cantor.

Shirley Temple should turn into a good little fairy and donate the star-making services of her mother to Virginia Weidler. Virginia'd be a star before you could say "Who's Yehudi?" . . . It shouldn't even be a resolution, but a law that Fred Allen do no more pictures, but one debate a year with Jack Benny in the Coliseum for the benefit of the Old Actors' Home . . . and Deanna Durbin might (Continued on page 80)



LORD and Lady

Coburn

British tradition with a Hollywood touch: Laurence Olivier and wife Vivien Leigh, who made her sensational American debut in the famed "Gone With the Wind," are now teamed up in great-lover style for Korda's filming of the life of Lord Nelson and his famous "Lady Hamilton"

Doing Anything Tonight?



Cary Grant

Lee Bowman

Jeffrey Lynn

James Stewart

Eddie Norris

George Brent

Eddie Albert

Harry Crocker

You're not? Well, here's
where you'll go and what you'll do
if you date one of Hollywood's "best ten"

If you were to visit Hollywood and could "step out" with, say, any ten of filmdom's "eligible bachelors," whom would you choose? Would it be Cesar Romero, gallant, smiling, with Irish blarney thick on his tongue for all the Latin blood in his veins? Would it be Jimmy Stewart, awkward, shy, but completely engaging? Handsome, dignified Jeffrey Lynn? Lively Cary Grant? Who? And after you had made your choice and were actually stepping out, would any or all of them come up to your expectations?

Well, those are questions which, on first thought, might seem unanswerable, but we know a girl who can put you pretty straight on them, nevertheless. She's one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood and for the past two or three years, she has had a wonderful time "playing the field." This chap one night, that chap the next. Meaning Margaret Lindsay. Maggie should be able to answer any question about Hollywood bachelors that you might like to ask. She dated most of 'em herself and those she

hasn't, she knows a lot about. For your edification, therefore, we persuaded her to pick the ten best dates in Hollywood. And here they are—and here's why. But from now on, we shall let her do the talking. . . .

ONE of the best dates in Hollywood is, I think, Cesar Romero. Pretending that you are about to "step out" with him, would you like to know what kind of an evening you'd have? Well, it will be something like this: When Cesar calls for you, he will ask you what you would like to do. But if you say you will leave it to him, you will quite probably enjoy an evening of dancing—dancing with, I might add, the very best dancer in Hollywood! You will no doubt go first to a little place in downtown Los Angeles called "La Bomba," where they have a wonderful Cuban band. On the way down, driving his convertible two-seater, probably with the top down, Cesar will tell you all about the place, because he's crazy about it. Incidentally, he is a very casual driver, likely



Cesar
Romero

William
Lundigan

BY
MARGARET LINDSAY

As told to Marian Rhea

to turn and smile at you, showing those white teeth of his, even though the traffic behind you is honking madly for you to get on.

When you arrive at "La Bomba," the manager will rush up, welcoming Cesar like a long-lost brother and the two of them will initiate you to that favorite Mexican drink, *tequila*, terrible tasting stuff that you are supposed to take "neat" with a pinch of salt and a bit of lemon juice afterward, but which you probably will decline with thanks.

Then, Cesar having told the manager what rhumba he'd like the orchestra to play, you'll dance. It won't make any difference whether, heretofore, you've been a good dancer or not. You will be when you are dancing with Cesar. He'll turn you into a sort of second Ginger Rogers and you'll love it! Cesar won't talk when he dances. He won't hold you very tightly, either. But he will lead you perfectly.

After a while at "La Bomba," you'll go over to Olvera Street, Los Angeles' famous "bit of Old Mexico," for

Margaret Lindsay: She knows—she's been out with them all!



Woman's touch: Maggie Lindsay goes to market with Bill Lundigan. He selects; she rejects

dinner at "La Golondrina," a wonderful little Mexican cafe. You'll sit at a little candlelit table covered with a checkered cloth and eat Mexican food—tortillas, enchiladas, chile con carne. Cesar, ordering your dinner, will speak Spanish to the pretty waitress in the full skirt and mantilla. Between courses you will dance to real Mexican music, more melodious, not so "hot" as "La Bomba's" Cuban band, but just as beguiling. Or you'll listen to "La Golondrina's" own entertainers, all of whom Cesar knows

THEN, around midnight or thereafter, he'll drive you home out Beverly Boulevard way, singing with you some of the music you've heard and laughing gently at your own pronunciation of some of the Spanish words "Carrrrrrramba!" he'll say, "You foreigners talk so queerly!" Then he'll smile down at you, probably while traffic again honks behind you and tell you you're very nice, anyway

When he delivers you to your door, he won't even ask to come in if it is very late and he won't make any attempt to kiss you good night, either

Cesar may look like the proverbial "smoldering Latin," but he is not one to make passes.

Next on my list of "best dates" is Cary Grant and this, likely, is the kind of date you would have with him

Almost certainly, he won't phone you until half an hour before he wants you to go somewhere with him, but he'll be so blissfully unaware that this isn't on the up-and-up that you won't have the heart to call him on it. Besides, it isn't that he's inconsiderate; he just isn't one to plan ahead.

Say, then, that he wants you to go to the races. Well, after phoning you about noon, he will dash up about twelve-thirty and rage around in the living room like a caged bear if you aren't ready. But when you do appear, he'll grin at you and say, "Hello, beautiful. Well, you're worth waiting for," or something like that. So you'll sail out to his car, a long, racy sort of bus. (Cary's cars are always that kind.) Cary drives like mad, tooting his horn at pedestrians and yelling jovial insults to traffic officers, all of whom seem to know

him (no wonder, the way he drives).

Once there, you'll of course go into a huddle over this or that horse, Cary throwing up his hands at your choice of, say, "White Bread" because you are of a domestic turn yourself, but sheepishly admitting he put down a bet on said horse—if it wins. Between races, you rush out to the paddock and look over the nags, with Cary very knowing about "points" and "past performances" and all that. During the afternoon, too, he will probably lose something—hat, gloves, parking ticket, but it won't bother him. Meanwhile, when you aren't discussing horses, you'll be in the midst of some argument—politics, international affairs, pictures, what-have-you.

After the races are over, you'll rip back to town and drop in on some friends of Cary's, say the Jon Halls, where you will probably stay, settling world affairs, until way past the dinner hour. Whereupon, Cary will make a telephone call and pretty soon there will arrive a marvelous steak dinner from the Brown Derby. So you will continue to sit in the patio or by the fire, depending on the season, airing your views while you eat. All the while, Cary will be very attentive to you. He will see that you are not left out of any discussion. When you have something to say, he'll not only listen to you carefully, but see that the others do, too.

Finally, and with that characteristic abruptness of his, he will decide it is time for the two of you to leave, and you will—all in about two minutes. On the way home, you'll probably stop in some informal place for a cup of coffee. If there's dancing, he'll dance with you, too. Cary is a very good dancer, although he seldom likes to spend an entire evening at it.

LEE BOWMAN is another whom any girl would enjoy on a date. He is a graduate of Princeton and the kind of person who uses his education to be amusing but not pedantic. Like most Hollywood men, being too busy to play in the daytime, he will invite you to dinner and will no doubt ask you not to dress. You will be mighty glad if you've worn your newest and smartest street outfit, though, for he is a very discerning and critical young man when it comes to women's clothes. You'll go somewhere for dinner where the music is good, but where there is no dancing. Lee doesn't like to dance, but he is crazy about music. For that reason, he may choose a place called "The Bar of Music" where they have those two pianos which are so famous in Hollywood. Lee will order a perfect dinner with the right kind of wine and everything and you'll have an awfully good time. (Continued on page 70)

Dennis Morgan of "Kitty Foyle": He has an Irish name, a Nordic ancestry and everything that makes for mastery on the motion-picture screen

Welbourn



and YOUR PROBLEMS— Hollywood's best



I was a worried little letter. And it was similar to hundreds of others like it. The girl was a University sophomore very much attracted to a boy on the same campus. "I'd like to have him as a permanent boy friend," she wrote. "But is heavy necking the only way you can hold a man? Some of the girls say it is. They say it's the only way you can get a man in the first place. Is that true? Naturally I want dates, but I'm at my wit's end to know what to do."

She isn't alone in that. Thousands of girls are puzzling over the same problems. How to get a boy friend.

How to keep him. How far to let him go. Frankly, those are important questions, questions that

need more than a little mulling over.

To get Hollywood's best answer to them we chose a board of four stars. On it you'll find Joel McCrea and Frances Dee—because they so clearly represent the well-adjusted young man and woman, straightforward, sincere.

You'll find May Robson, that grand old lady of the screen with her long years of experience. And Linda Darnell—because she is up against those very problems herself now.

And so the board convenes.

Joel McCrea squinted down the length of his pipe as he started talking. It wasn't so long ago that he was Hollywood's most popular bachelor, just as his wife, Frances, was one of

the town's most popular girls. He said a surprising thing now. He said, "When you make a picture, it's a success only if it has a story with a purpose to it. A girl ought to be a story with a purpose. She ought to have definite viewpoints and be a definite character—not an imitation of somebody else. Men are always attracted to that type of girl; the kind with a personality to explore."

"Of course," he mused, "a story should be entertaining, too, and well gotten up! But most of all it should be an original."

According to Joel and Frances—and their opinions coincide on every point—there is one big reason why most girls fail to hold a man. They shop

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



answer

BY
JANE LEIGHTON

EDITORIAL NOTE: She was a young girl on a modern campus and her letter was worried . . . "Is that the only way you can hold a man?" she asked. Her question is answered here in a new and modern way inaugurated by Photoplay-Movie Mirror—an open discussion by four stars, varied in personality, age, viewpoint: Joel McCrea, Frances Dee, Linda Darnell and May Robson. Their conclusions may give you an answer to your own problems. So draw up a chair and join us

around too much. They try to see how many boys they can get, then wonder why they wind up with nothing! "Perhaps it's a matter of being unselfish," said Joel, "but if you really want to keep a man, show interest in him."

"Without," amended Frances, "ever making him feel tied down!"

As they spoke, I was remembering an incident that occurred shortly before their marriage. There was an elaborate movieland ball being given on a Saturday night which Frances wanted terribly to attend. But that same Saturday there was a big cattle roundup near Santa Maria which Joel had planned to attend. It was important to him because certain

fancy steers would be for sale. "You'd better go—they might be the very ones you want for your stock," Frances said. And the way she said it you'd have thought nothing else existed except Joel and that ranch of his. But as an afterthought she added, "I can go to the ball with the Cooper party."

Joel said easily that he thought he'd be back in time to take her—just as if a two-hundred-mile ride were a mere nothing!

But to me it was a case in point. Frances has always made Joel feel Top Man without ever losing her own bright independence of character.

I wish my young university sophomore friend could have been sitting

there with us to hear Joel's answer to her next problem. "I don't," he said thoughtfully, "think that any girl has to 'neck' to be popular. Necking is a compromise that leads to eventualities, usually dangerous eventualities."

But naturally a girl can't be dull. If she's going to sit down and think, "I know he kisses Marie and he won't take me out again if I don't pet," she is stymied right there. As much as if she were the prim I-just-won't-kiss type. So what to do?




"Be exciting in other ways. If," says Joel, "a girl is a good sport, a swell dancer, plays amusing games, she won't have time to sit around and smoke. (Continued on page 82)

HOW TO GET A JOB

FASHION QUIZ

BY MARIAN H. QUINN

This is definitely the case where clothes make the chosen woman. Here's the result of our research on how to get by the receptionist and into the front office. Incidentally, it also serves another purpose—if you're already in the army of the employed you can see whether your clothes fit your job well enough to merit a cash-in on the raise funds. The quiz part is purely personal—just decide what job you want, then turn the page to the side and let us do the rest.

	The Field	First impression should be:	We suggest a dress:	Pièce de résistance:	Watch out for:	Play up:
	Nursing 	Neatness	Tailored wool two-piece with a peplum the only break in its clean-cut silhouette	Small wool toque with some bright eye-catching feathers tucked in at the side	Too high heels that make you look fragile. Try a monk's type oxford instead	Your hair. Keep it soft and shining; show it off with a pompadour beret (page 39)
	Selling 	Smart but simple	Jumper dress in wool—you can wear a score of different blouses as over-the-counter fillips	Trick bracelet with a practical six-year calendar as a tag charm	Collars that wilt in the noon-day rush. Use a new double necklace of gold ropes instead	Unusual earrings—i.e., "yes and no" pair; one red, one green
	Applied Arts (fashion designing, commercial art)	Imagination in your clothes	A jewel-toned velveteen, striking bait for clients.	A novel Portuguese Fisherman's cap (the instructions for this are on page 51)	Dark "strictly business" dresses. Wear bright colors instead	Your gloves. Let them be individual—leather, with a bright cowboy fringe trim
	Book Work (librarian, school-teacher)	Conservative intelligence	Wool dress trimmed with tailored wool fringe	Basic suede pumps with a raft of easily changed bow trims to match your outfits	Sweaters and skirts that look too schooly-schooly for a woman of affairs	Your hands. Keep them well-groomed; decorate them with unusual rings
	Office Work 	Quiet competence	Gray and chocolate striped wool.	Indian-influence belt of metal studded with stones	Clinking or dangling jewelry that takes men's minds off their work	Your hats. Try a red suede with an upshooting quill, only bright spot in an otherwise conservative outfit

Five for fascination



"P.M."

styles for the season ahead are
ive with new charm. We chose
arbara Stanwyck of Warners'
Meet John Doe" to model the New
Year fashion parade. First Barbara
wears a chic cape ensemble—a
beige wool dress topped by a cape
of Mouton lined with the dress fab-
ric. Triple tucking detail and a gold
flower pin accent the frock. The
brown felt toque with a beige crown
has an ornament of gold and bril-
liants. I. Magnin, Los Angeles

BY
GWENN WALTERS

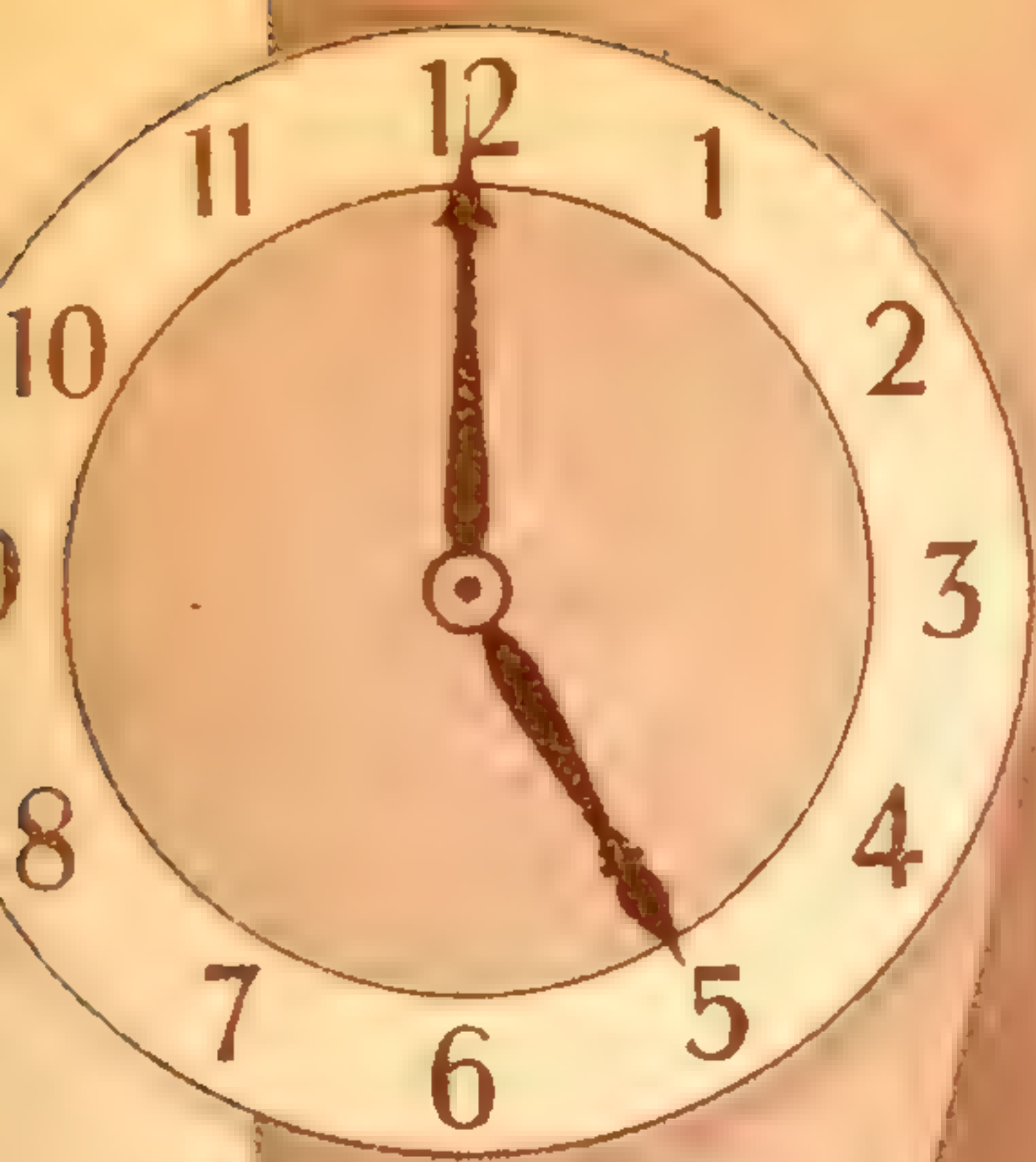


Welbourne



"P.M."

THE TUNIC FROCK—Barbara shows this high fashion favorite here in supple black jersey with a softly gathered tunic and a knife-pleated skirt. A lime green jersey turban offers lively color contrast; the gold earrings, bow-knot pin and matching bracelets are shining complements. From the May Company Oval Room, Los Angeles



"P.M."



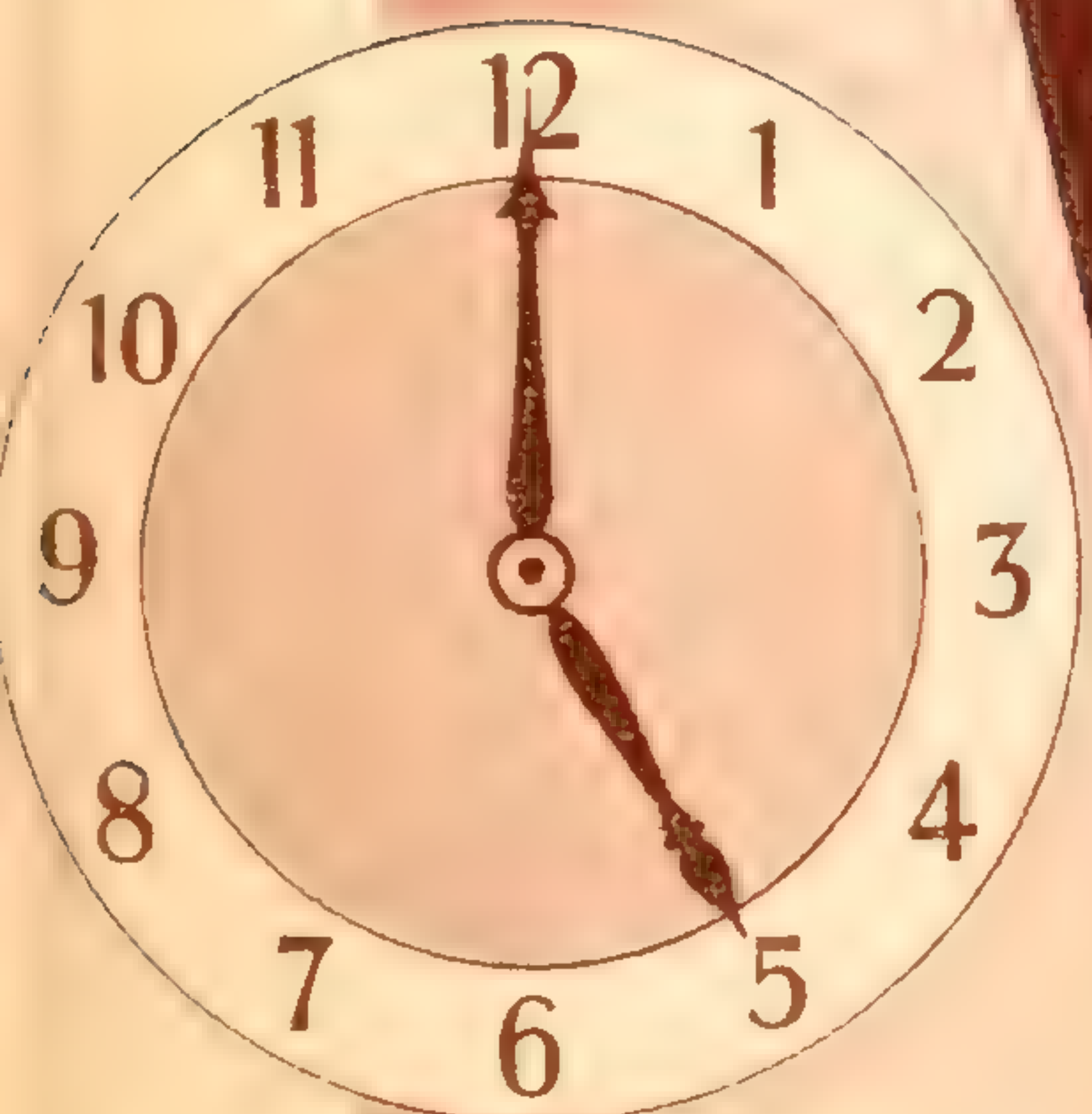
THE PEPLUM FROCK—Barbara chooses this popular style in black jersey too. The bib front and peplum are bordered in black velvet, the fabric that fashions the belt. Barbara's pompadour hat is of black felt and her bow-trimmed purse of black ante-elope. The accent is gold jewelry. I. Magnin, Los Angeles

Don't make a practice of this
wee-hour business—but it is a
potentiality of this long eve-
ning coat. Exquisitely designed
in oyster white broadcloth, it
is a perfect complement for any
color. The buttons and buckle
are set with aquamarines. P. S.:
Watch the Edith Head cruise
clothes that Barbara wears in
Paramount's new "Lady Eve"



"A.M."

Long-sleeved formals are fashion's newest evening whim. The picturesque dress Barbara wears here is of imported black net. It is styled with voluminous skirt and sleeves and a tightly fitted bodice smartly encrusted with electric blue, pastel green and black bugle beads and sparkling sequins. The original model is from Marie Miller, Hollywood



"A.M."

KITTY FOYLE

Fiction Version by
NORTON RUSSELL

An RKO-Radio picture based on the best-selling novel by the distinguished American author, Christopher Morley (book published by J. P. Lippincott & Company)



Those two honeymoon days were just about perfect. But that was before we went back to Philadelphia to face Wyn's family.

The bride wore bittersweet
in her heart — the bitter of
the man she loved; the sweet
of the man who loved her—
a hard choice even for Kitty

The Cast

Kitty . . . Ginger Rogers
Wyn . . . Dennis Morgan
Pop . . . Ernest Cossart
Giono . . . Eduardo Ciannelli
Mark . . . James Craig
Delphine . . . Odette Myrtil

The Story Thus Far:

Eleven-fifteen, the clock says. Forty-five more minutes before I have to decide what road I'm going to travel for the rest of my life.

At midnight Wyn will be waiting for me at Pier 48. And Mark will be waiting at Grand Central. Wyn offers me a love that I had once—so briefly—and then lost. Mark offers me the one thing Wyn can't—marriage.

It's not a simple thing, making up my mind. I sit here, in my room at the Dolly Madison Hotel for Women, and watch the second hand of the electric clock glide around, never stopping for an instant—and I don't know. I just don't know.

I thought I was all over loving Wyn. For five years, until tonight, I hadn't seen him, hadn't talked to him. He was something in my life that was over, finished, done for. If I hadn't believed that, I would never have told Mark Eisen that I'd go with him to Greenwich and be married.

But, not fifteen minutes after I left

Mark, promising to meet him at midnight, I walked into my room and found Wyn there, waiting. And all the old enchantment came back with a rush. It was Wyn, Wyn again, just as if the five years of being apart from him had never happened. I couldn't think of Mark's gentle surgeon's hands any more, or of the little home we would have together, or the children. I couldn't think of anything except Wyn and the feel of his arms around me, holding me tight; his lips pressed against mine.

"Don't you remember all we had together?" Wyn asked. And I remembered. I remembered it all. The old happy days in Philadelphia, when I worked on Wyn's poor little magazine that he tried so hard to make a go of because he was too sweet to be a banker like his father and grandfather and great-grandfather. Our first trip to New York together. And the night, here in New York, six years ago, when we went to our own private Philadelphia Assembly Ball.

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



Wyn's mother came to greet us. At least I knew her—and that was more than I could say for myself when it came to the collection of relatives in the drawing room

Now Go On With The Story:

We danced, that night, until everyone else had gone home and the hotel ballroom wouldn't let us dance any more.

Then we took the violinist and the drummer with us, and went to Giono's old speak-easy. Seven o'clock in the morning, with Giono serving champagne and scrambled eggs, the violinist and the drummer yawning as they played. . . . It was heaven, that's all.

Wyn was fumbling in his pocket, and in a minute he brought out a little jeweler's box. "See this?"

It was a silver ring in the shape of a snake swallowing its tail. "My great-grandmother's," he said.

"Better put it away, then, if it's family stuff," I said.

"Boys," he called to the musicians. "Can you play 'Tales From the Vienna Woods'?"

"But feebly," the violinist said, and started in.

"I don't know why I should need all this (Continued on page 83)



When I left Mark, I had promised to marry him, to meet him at midnight. But I didn't know then what Wyn's return would do to me



At seven in the morning Wyn and I were still in Giono's speak-easy, the musicians yawning as they played . . . it was heaven, that's all

THE

Camera Speaks

Born in N.Y., she's still a New Yorker at heart. Left: She starts out as Gladys Greene, daughter of Hubert and Johanna Nelson Greene; descendant of Vermont farmers; a prodigy—in roses and tulle—of a painter's family

At 22 she has an annulled marriage with Julian Ancker behind her. Before her—a revealing parade up to the front ranks in "modernistic" evening dresses

At 14 she has a crush on Mary Pickford, a deep desire to be a schoolteacher; ends up as a commercial model, which brings her at 17 (left) to . . .

. . . Hollywood. Taking her professional name from two boys she knew, she poses calmly in 1928 esthetic style. "I've never been self-conscious about acting," she says



... and tells the pictorial story of a frail girl with a husky voice who became a romantic comedienne only after many false starts

ABOUT

Jean

ARTHUR

Even a pose as the Benda mask girl can't save her. She leaves filmdom a failure; comes back a success (right) from Broadway

Unobtrusively sure of herself today, she works hard in "Arizona," concentrates on books, music and husband producer Frank Ross; ends up before the camera ... in roses and tulle



In 1929 the publicity drums are still booming about her. She co-operates wholeheartedly in a ballet skirt and a blonde wig, keeps concealed her innate dislike for noise, glitter, Hollywood crowds

CUTIE-PUSS

THE Story So Far: Even if a girl is only 18, when she has a record of ten years behind her as the child prodigy of Hollywood, she doesn't give up easily . . . not even when Hollywood doesn't want her any more.

So Bunny Stanwood had pulled a few tricks, had sent her stand-in, Natalie Irwin, to the school in the East where her father and mother had thought she'd go into quiet retirement and then, unknown to them, had pulled out for New York to find herself a job as an actress. But New York didn't seem to want her, either, and Bunny was stranded. That is, she was until she walked into the beanery in the theatrical district and met young Johnny Morrison, who had just written a play, and Gilbert Gilroy, who wanted to act in it.

The two had plans, big plans, and Bunny, known to them only as plain Joan Brown, minus her madcap curls,

false eyelashes and lisp, was to be part of those plans. For she had sold herself to Johnny as an actress and had gotten a role in his play by offering to supply the money to put on the play up in McIntyre's unused theater in Danville, Mass.

But her plea to her father for money—sent through Natalie at school, of course—brought back only a straight no—her father couldn't understand why a schoolgirl would want that amount of money. The cast, laboring there in the darkened theater in the small town, took the news like troupers; they'd go on rehearsing Johnny's "High Olympus" anyway. But Bunny was out; she knew they all despised her—from Johnny and Gil and Mac, who owned the theater, right down to her rival, actress Cissy Bolingsbroke; and her part had been taken from her.

Well, she wouldn't let them freeze

her out; they might not know it, but she was Bunny Stanwood, the star, whose name was even now blazoned in lights at the little movie house across the street. She'd show them, show Johnny, who had said to her during rehearsal, "I don't think you're an actress at all!" She'd go into that theater and see herself as the public saw her. Then she'd tell them off.

She went into the theater with a burst of self-confidence and came out sobbing to herself.

Why hadn't someone told her that she couldn't act, that she was only a cute lispng figurehead?

She walked blindly past the parking lot and she didn't even notice the man until he spoke to her. Why—it was Johnny, Johnny Morrison in rubber boots, hosing a car. She forgot that they had quarreled; that she hated him worse than all the rest . . . she looked at him and began to cry.

Bunny was crying it out on Johnny's rubber apron. "For Pete's sake," he said, "whatever has happened to you?"



He taught her a lot of things about acting. But

it took Bunny to teach him a few things about love

BY ALBERT TREYNOR

JOHNNY could see only the top of Bunny's head. Her face was buried under his arm. She was crying it out on the rubber apron.

He held her so and backed to the hose bib. A cautious movement did it. He turned off the water and dropped the nozzle. Then he gripped her shoulders and pushed her off.

To Bunny any emotional outburst was a natural piece of business, requiring no apology or concealment. She lifted her tear-streaked face. "I don't know how to act!"—and that started her gulping again.

"For Pete's sake!" he marveled. "What happened to you?"

"I saw Bunny Stanwood in 'Boy-struck,'" she told him.

"I wouldn't bawl about it," he said. "I never thought she was quite that bad."

"I remind myself of her!" Bunny sobbed.

"Me too!" he agreed.

She gave him a startled glance, fearing she had given herself away.

But Johnny went on, "I figured that out this afternoon. You're one of our Stanwood imitators."

"Yes," said Bunny, with a woe-begone face, "I've always tried to be like her."

"The worst of it is," he said, "there are hundreds like you. Because she's big box-office, you think she's a great actress."

"After the things you told me about acting," she despaired, "I went and checked. And it hit me all in one jolt—I was wrong! And when I think of the way I behaved—when you tried to steer me right! Oh—"

"I'll give you another steer," he volunteered. "I never liked Stanwood. But she must hold something. Whatever it is, you haven't got it."

She shot him a funny look, but he didn't notice. He went on telling her.

"You're still fairly young and perhaps it isn't too late. Why not try being yourself for a change?"

"Johnny—" She was humble about it. "If you'll help me a little," she breathed. "If—oh, Johnny! There isn't anything I wouldn't do!"

He looked at her sharply. "Yeah, I know. Nothing you wouldn't do! That's the one thing I don't like about you. Little rat tricks—"

"I was desperate!" she defended herself.

"Let's have the truth," he said. "You never did play leading roles in Pasadena."

"I—" she swallowed it and tried again. "No. No, I didn't."

"Where'd you get the notices?"

Her eyes beseeched him to understand. "A job printer in New York made 'em up for me."

"Have you ever had any actual professional experience?"

"Well, uh—" Bunny hesitated only an instant. "I've worked in pictures, on and off."

"So that's it!" he said scathingly. "And with nothing more than that behind you, you cheated us into thinking you were somebody. And claimed you had money."

"I thought I could get it!" she told him. "Honestly!"

"You couldn't have been any too sure," he checked her up. "And you didn't care what happened to a few other people, did you?"

"I guess I just didn't stop to think."

"You see what I mean?" He frowned thoughtfully. "My mother was an actress," he told her. "And my grandmother. Good ones. My great-grandfather, a great tragedian. It goes a long way back. And I'm afraid I'm marked with whatever it takes to make you love the smells backstage. As a kid I tried to write plays. I read everything on the theater I could lay hands on, went to town on technique. I wanted to be a great writer and director. But my father had different ideas." Johnny shook his head ruefully. "When I graduated from Harvard Law last year, Dad expected me to go into the firm with him."

"But you wouldn't give in?" It was all a thrilling coincidence to Bunny. "Why, Johnny, you're just like me!"

"All right, Cutie-Puss." He gave a short laugh. "I'm just like you. Look!" he said suddenly. "Do you want to do something with me?"

"Yes," she said.

"Shake hands on it?"

She eagerly put her hand in his.

"Joan Brown and Johnny Morrison," he declared in deep intona-

tions, "hereby agree to go forward in their chosen profession by legitimate means, even if they have to start at the bottom and work their way up, and they solemnly swear off on all little rat tricks, forever."

"You mean," asked Bunny a bit dubiously, "we can't do anything underhanded or dishonorable any more?"

"That's it!" he said sternly.

"Oh, well—" She nodded and tightened her grip. "I swear I never will again!"

His smile warmed to her. "How'd you like to come back in the company?" he asked.

She said it breathlessly: "You want me back?"

"Mac has a scheme about finances," he told her. "We're going to get the play on. There's a small part we intended to double—a little tramp from off the streets. I'll help you with it. Want it?"

"Yes," said Bunny.

And so the miracle had happened.

"WE'VE got to have a contract," she told him, proud of her business acumen.

"What for?" he asked.

"What for? Why, because from now on you're going to work with me. You're going to teach me everything you know. You're going to be my manager-director."

"Who said that?" he demanded.

"Will you, Johnny?" she asked, straightforward and dignified.

"Okay," he agreed.

"All right then," she said. "You're going to do everything to promote my career. But I can't expect you to do it for love."

He slanted his brows at her. "Love?"

"You know what I mean." She went faintly pink. "I may be a valuable property someday. Wouldn't you want to have me on a contract then?"

"Boy!" He grinned at her. "Let's not waste any time!"

As night attendant of a parking lot, Johnny's job, luckily, didn't interfere with afternoon rehearsals. Nor did it prevent his giving Bunny some of his expert attention while he hosed and polished.

He recalled (Continued on page 77)

Hollywood at Home



"Just a place to live in"—Bob and Vivi in the living room of the one-story farmhouse

HOW ROBERT CUMMINGS LIVES

A unique "living" story that brings you the intimate personal details of a star's everyday

ON Saint Valentine's Day, February 14, 1940, a messenger entered the garden gate at 14111 Sherman Way, North Hollywood, bearing a large red box. As he approached the little white house he was greeted by the mucous growls of a German police dog who sniffed the box curiously.

The messenger rang the bell and asked for Mrs. Robert Cummings. The attractive young Nordic blonde said, "I am Mrs. Cummings." She signed the receipt while the dog rubbed his moist nose against the box and made strange sounds that might have meant, "Well, I'll be muzzled! What is this?"

The messenger departed and Mr.

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

Cummings opened the attached envelope. She read:

"Dear Mrs. Cummings:

"Mr. Cummings wanted to buy you a red heart full of candy for Valentine Day, but I persuaded him to let me steal into your heart instead. I'm very rare and very funny-looking and I come from the jungles of Brazil. I'll eat practically anything you will. And please love me, Miss Vivi, as much as I love you

Sincerely,

SUZIE Q."

When Mrs. Cummings opened the box she looked into a pair of large brown eyes so brown that they were almost black. A Brazilian woolly monkey cocked its head and gazed whimsically at its new mistress. The conquest was complete.

Thus the Robert Cummingses passed another Valentine's Day and thus is characterized most typically their lighthearted attitude toward one another and toward their daily lives. For Bob and Vivi Cummings live seriously but not too seriously, nurturing a sense of humor all too vital these hectic days.

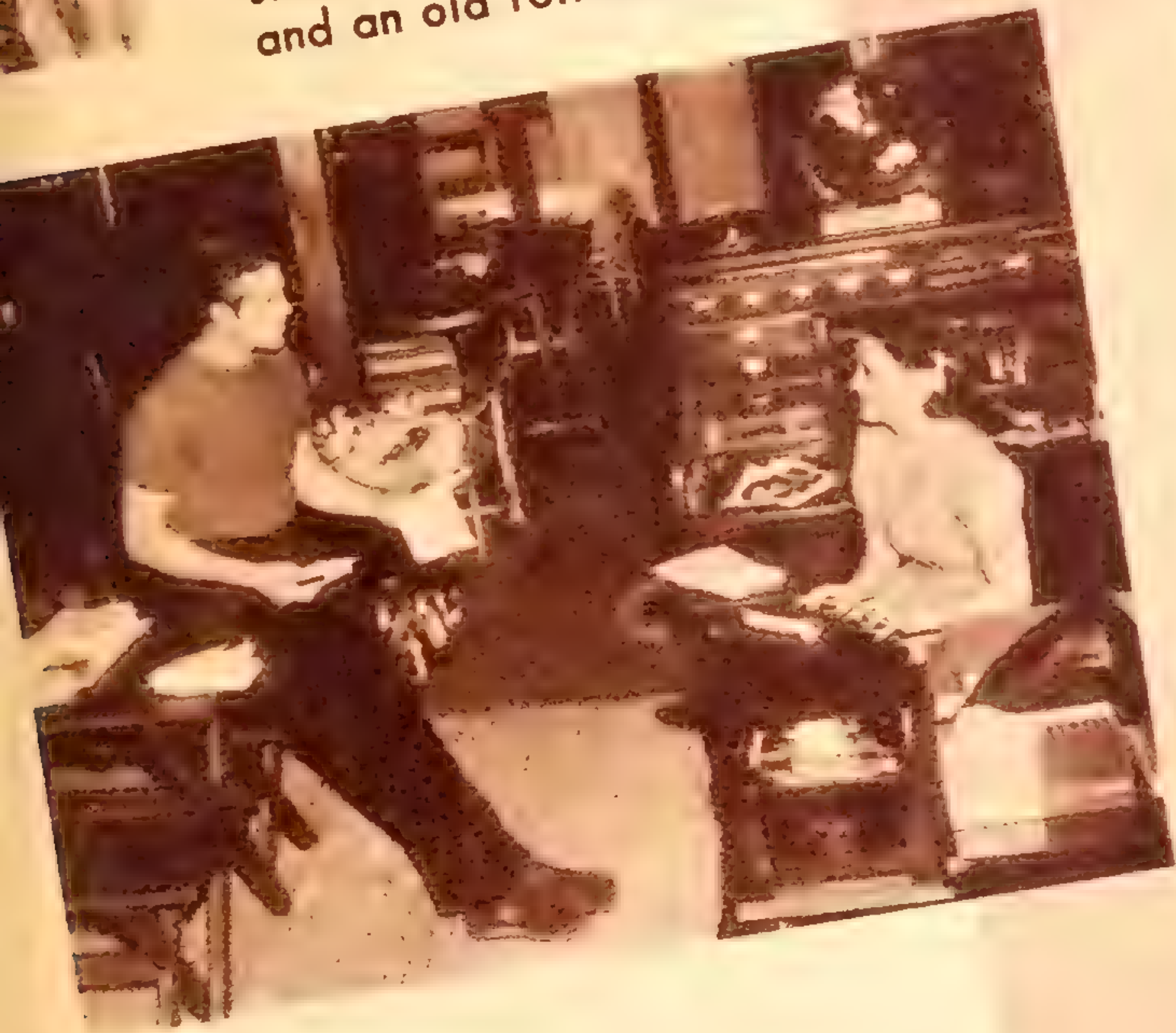
Six years of married life find this



Most inviting spot is the sunporch with its view of the garden

Addenda: A police dog, a stone deer and the monkey Bob gave to Vivi

Fanmail department in the barn-playhouse consists of tables, shelves and an old roll-top desk



Master of a fruit and vegetable garden, Bob is not a farmer, hates puttering with hoes, leaves the worrying to a caretaker




young couple still remembering Valentine Day and trying to give it special meaning by giving special thought to its remembrances.

Last year, unknown to Bob, Vivi sent to Switzerland for a chime watch and presented it to him on Valentine Day. Bob reacted like a kid with his first bike. A hundred times a day he wanted to know the hour, a hundred times he displayed it to his associates.

"I was never so proud in my life," said Bob. "I thought it was awful swell of Vivi to think of it. Then I got the topper—two weeks later she handed me the bill. Five hundred dollars. That (Continued on page 68)

She chooses enchantment



Claudette Colbert, expert in the psychology of perfume, reveals her rules for charm in a bottle

BY
FRANCES
DEANER

PERFUME, from the beginning of time, has been a challenge to the eternal mystery of woman. And, in that beginning, we are told that "God planted a garden eastward in Eden" and in the garden were rosemary and sweet-smelling flowers, myrrh and sandalwood, besides many other fragrant shrubs. In Exodus XXX, if you are interested, you will find the world's first recipe for making perfume.

All of the old-time glamour girls knew the lure of subtle fragrance. Cleopatra was lavish in her use of scents, even to the extent of drench-

ing her river barge with them.

Men have always felt the fascination of perfume and it was those two heroes of Rome's luxury period, Caesar and Mark Anthony, who established a precedent in the use of scents. When they staged their banquets they had perfume sprayed from the ceiling, wafting softly down upon their guests.

But it was left to the French to make an intensive study of perfumes and perfumery and they soon learned the medicinal, emotional and mental values of scents. So we thought of Claudette Colbert, the lovely French girl who grew so proficient as an

American actress that she became an Academy Award winner, to tell us the dos and don'ts of perfumery.

"I have loved perfumes all my life. They are a part of me," said Claudette. "My very earliest memories are all interwoven with my mother, of course, and the sweet fragrance that enveloped her—like the faint odor of a garden bouquet. I loved to crawl up into her lap and inhale that aura of perfume. It had a soothing effect and a kind of protective influence. We were poor in those old days in France and New York. But somehow Mother always (Continued on page 66)



Left: The Portuguese Fisherman's cap designed by Adrian

It'll do things for you—the right things. Exclusive couturières are selling it; we tell you how you can make it yourself

BY
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Here's Your Hat!

SORCERER Adrian has done it again! This time it's a Portuguese Fisherman's cap with which he creates glamour. Katharine Hepburn wears it in "The Philadelphia Story" and everyone on the Metro lot is agreed it makes her more provocative than ever before.

Adrian's Portuguese Fisherman's cap is one of those casual little numbers that do things for a girl—the right things. In fact, a famous New York couturière who saw Katharine Hepburn wearing this cap while she was a visitor in the studios copied it immediately for her exclusive clientele.

We're not suggesting you look up this couturière and pay the fancy price she's asking for this cap. We're suggesting instead that you make this cap for yourself—from the directions we offer here through the courtesy of Madame Marthe of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wardrobe department.

Instructions for Making Hepburn's Portuguese Fisherman's Cap

Designed by Adrian

Handknit by Madame Marthe

1½ balls of white boucle, 4 balls of blue boucle, 4 No. 3 knitting needles.

This cap is knit on four needles.

1. Cast on 120 stitches (40 on each of three needles), using the blue boucle, and knit for one inch.

2. *On the next row, cast off 2 stitches, one at each end of needle. Then knit plain for one inch. Continue from * (casting off 1 stitch at each end of needle every inch) until work measures 13 inches.

3. Using the white boucle, * on the next row, cast off 4 stitches—two on each side of the needle—then knit plain for a half-inch. Continue from * until work measures 16 inches.

4. Now cast off 2 stitches, one at each end of the needle, on every other row until work measures 20 inches, thus bringing cap to a point.

5. Attach a four-inch blue tassel. You make the tassel thus: Decide upon how long you wish it—lay strand of yarn back and forth, tie it at one end, leaving a "head" on it, then cut strands at other end.

This makes a cap that is approximately twenty inches in head size but will stretch to fit a twenty-three inch size. It is worn with the seam on the side of the head and the "stocking" of the cap lying flat and hanging almost to the shoulders.

Note

Photoplay-Movie Mirror assumes no responsibility for any romantic adventures which may result from wearing this cap.



Sketch of the cap as worn by Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story." Below: She makes Jim Stewart sit up and take notice





Word - Tosses

Melvyn Douglas of "That Uncertain Age": Hollywood rarity by reason of his big-word vocabulary and his earnest eloquence in behalf of the underdog

Join now —

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

Dancing School

ENTRANCE TEST: When the gourds begin to rattle and the music begins to play "One Two Three Kick" and all the bright boys and girls begin to La Conga, do you know what to do, too? If not, enroll immediately! We're going to run a dancing school, so you'll never have to refuse a date or sit out a single note when your heels are itching to cut down on that rug. Every month we're going to have a current popular dance demonstrated by the stars. This month it's La Conga, but before we go into our dance, we're going to throw in a couple of quizzes—one for the girls, one for the boys—to let you see if you know the most important rules of dancing in general. Sure, you do, but try it just for fun. When you check the answers on page 74, maybe you'll be surprised. . . .

Conducted by **HOWARD SHARPE**

FOR GIRLS

1. Should you applaud at the end of a tune?
2. What are the four points to remember about posture when dancing?
3. If you dance best in high heels, should you wear them anyway if your escort is short?
4. When another man asks you to dance, should you ask permission of your escort first?
5. For ordinary dancing form, where should a girl hold her head—turned to parallel her partner's face, or over his right shoulder?

FOR BOYS

1. Where, on a girl's back, should you place your right hand for the best results in leading?
2. What is the correct position of the left arm?
3. What can you do about your lead hand when the dance gets hot and your palm moist with perspiration?
4. If you suddenly discover your girl is wearing an extremely backless dress, do you keep your lead hand on the bare flesh or not?
5. Should you practice new steps on the floor, or try them at home first?



Drawings by
Gregori

THE Conga was originated by a nearly naked entertainer in a jungle nightspot somewhere far up the Amazon. She danced to drums played by the local Gene Krupa who had a stop complex on a certain beat. It went, boom boom-boom boom, BOOM. The dance became the sensation of all South America.

The epidemic spread rapidly north. Chic supper crowds in Manhattan were soon doing a football snake dance to La Conga songs before "Strike Up The Band" and "Too Many Girls," with their terrific Conga sequences, could be released.

The trouble is that only one out of five hundred knows how to La Conga properly.

How To Do The Conga

Begin at home, not in a public place, since a busy time is in store for you. Buy some La Conga records and put them on the phonograph. Don't try to do the Conga to a Rhumba or Tango. Use the "Fast-Slow" attachment and slow the thing down so you can be leisurely at first. Note the rhythm of the drums, gourds, etc.

Bob Stack and Mary Beth Hughes, two of the best young Conga dancers

in Hollywood, lend themselves to us for illustration purposes this month. The scene is Bob's brand-new bamboo room, near the swimming pool at his house. Bob had a small dark man named Pacifico in attendance with a stack of towels; afterwards, Pacifico weighed the towels and Bob had lost three pounds. Mary Beth was merely in a gentle glow, but that's the superior endurance of women for you.

Anyway, to La Conga. Take your favorite man, preferably tall, athletic and of Latin ancestry—or, if you're a fellow, the girl with the best figure in town—and—turn the page!

HERE WE GO!

For the basic step of La Conga-

Boy starts here

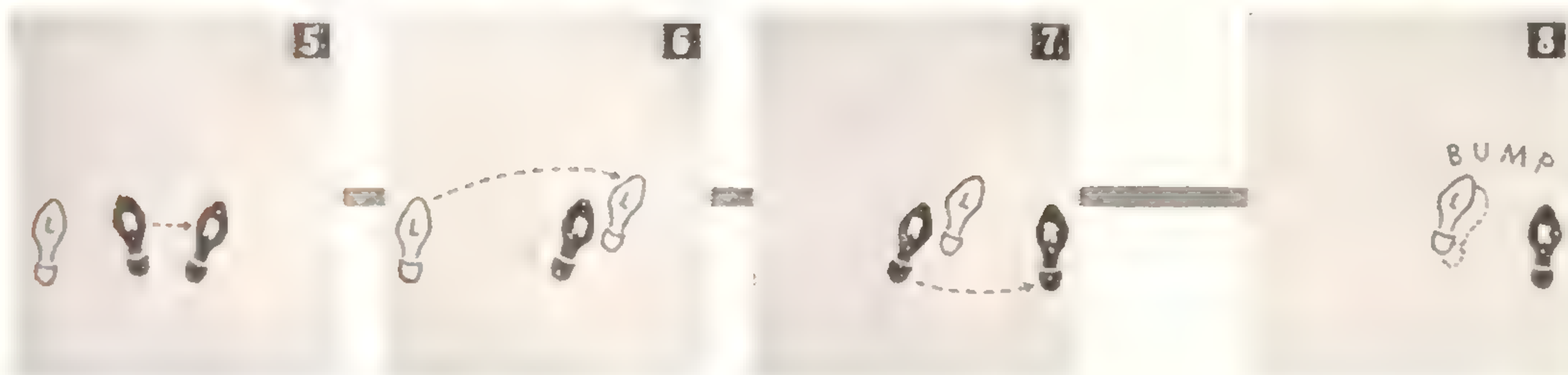


Count 4. In Hollywood you add a "bump" toward the left, consisting of pulling right hip up quickly, balancing with right toe, which pulls right foot back slightly, leaving weight on left foot. For official La Conga, swing or kick your right foot in front of your left. (See picture at the left, with Bob "bumping" to the left, right foot released)

Count 3: Step left with left foot, shifting weight to it, still moving left

Count 2. Cross your right foot over, in front of the left, moving leftward again

Count 1. Step left on your left foot, shifting the weight to it, moving leftward (Note: We aren't dancing yet. This is just to show the foot movement)



Count 5. Now we're going to repeat pattern to right. At end of Count 4 weight was on left foot. So step right on right foot for Count 5, shifting weight to it, moving to the right

Count 6. Cross left foot over in front of right, moving to right

Count 7. Step right with right foot again, still moving to right

Count 8. "Bump" or kick with left foot in front of right. (See picture, right, with Bob "bumping" to right, his left foot released)



The girl does the same pattern, but begins by stepping right with right foot, crossing left foot over and in front of right, moving right, stepping again on right and "bumping" or kicking with left. Then she repeats the pattern to the left, thus covering the 8 counts.

So much for the foot movement of the basic step. Now's the time to put some swing into it. Legs move easily with not too much bend at the knees. Shoulders are carried level during 1-2-3, 5-6-7 counts. On 4 and 8, the "bumps," the shoulders do a quick forward-swing-back double move slightly forward and back as the right shoulder comes forward in almost a jerk. The body is slightly

forward from hips up and the leg holding weight on the "bump" is rather straight. It is the "bump" or kick, together with the quick shoulder movement on counts 4 and 8, that form the outstanding characteristic of the Conga.

We're ready now to start dancing. The man takes his partner in a loose hold and leads her for several of the basic steps (repeating 1 to 8 several times) until they both have caught the rhythm and are moving smoothly together.

Then both drop arms and, still facing each other, start to do the basic step in opposite directions. The general movement after you are into this next step will be to the right for the girl and to the left for the boy. In order to do this, the boy must shift his weight, since after he finishes 1 to 8 counts his weight is on the right foot. He accomplishes this shift step by

stepping left as in the basic step to count 1, but instead of crossing over with right, he merely swings his right foot across, retaining weight on the left for count 2, steps right on right foot for count 3 and "bumps" or kicks with left on count 4. You'll note this holds man on place while girl is dancing to right, leaving them apart at end of first 4 counts. They cross each other on counts 5 to 8, still ending up apart. (Note: When the boy wants to dance again in unison with his partner, he does his shift step by stepping right on 1, swinging left across on 2 but holding weight on right, stepping left on 3, and "bumping" left on 4, which leaves right foot free to start to his right with the girl who moves with him to her left.)

Go back and forth with this step as many times as desired. A pleasant variation is to catch left hands on the "bump" right and right hands on the "bump" left.



A twosome variation: Mary Beth and Bob make their own arch. They start facing, La Conga for two or three steps . . .



. . . then the man turns to the left, the girl to the right, still holding hands until they are half-way around. Then . . .



. . . he takes his right hand back again and they come out of it facing, go right on with the regular steps of dance

A further variation is for each partner to make a complete turn on the 1-2-3, 5-6-7 counts while moving from side to side. I.e., step right with right foot on 1; put enough steam behind your next step left on count 2 to carry you halfway around a circle which you'll be completing to the right; finish circle on right foot count 3 and "bump" on count 4. Repeat, going to the left.

In the Conga line everyone on the floor gets in a queue and follows the leader, until the leader and his partner form an arch with their arms; whereupon every one dances under the arch and comes out in a circle, from which individual couples step out and shine. The picture below shows the way you look in the queue. Don't let the arch bother you—at home or on a casual

floor you can do a twosome variation by making your own arch and skinning the cat under it.

A. Stand facing each other, hands meeting clasped in front of you, the way Bob and Mary Beth do it above. La Conga in this position for two or three steps, then

B. The man turns to the left and the girl to the right, still holding hands until

C. You get halfway around. Then he should take his right hand back again. If he doesn't you'll both end the step with a sprained back.

D. Come out of it facing each other and go right on with your dancing.

We might add that when you wish to progress around the room, the girl crosses her foot over in back instead of in front, when doing basic step.

This is the way you'll look in the Conga line when you're scrunching along, following the leader



WE sort of like this Boopsie-Doodle step.

Stand side by side, as you did up there in the beginning, but instead of both walking to the left, the girl should take that direction and the man should go to the right. At the fourth step, kick in toward each other, the girl with her right foot, the boy with his left. When you start back, turn as you step so that when you do your little "bump" and kick on the fourth step, you do indeed bump into each other, right there on the derriere. It's silly, but it's lots of fun!

The Boopsie-Doodle step: You end up by "bumping" each other. See directions at the left





The announcement for which Hollywood had waited six years came at "The Great Dictator" premiere: Chaplin introduced Paulette Goddard as "my wife"

But by that time there was another mystery: It centered around Director Anatole Litvak with whom Paulette has been seen frequently during the past months

With the first public acknowledgment of "my wife" the "great dictator" created a new enigma



The New Mystery of MR. and MRS. CHAPLIN

Of all the muddled marital mix-up of Hollywood's history, there has never been any that surpassed in excitement and mystery the one that is currently intriguing the town, the one in which Charlie Chaplin, Paulette Goddard and Anatole Litvak are the principal players.

The battles and the reconciliations of the fighting Flynns are kindergarten stuff compared to this. The Caliban and Ariel duet of John and Elaine Barry Barrymore is ten-cent fireworks; the Wayne Morris-Bubbles Chinasi tragedy is only a sad little affair. The love story of Lana Turner from Bautzer to Shaw to Mature to Martin is child's play when considered in the light of the major-league maneuvers of a great clown, a glamour girl and a charming, unattached director.

For, after all, in each of the above cases you knew to a certainty exactly

BY RITA WILSON

what the marital status was. Lili and Errol, despite their partings, stay united. You always knew when John and Elaine were in marriages or in between them. You knew when the Morrises were in the courts and out of them. A dozen candid cameras an evening could constantly tell you right where Lana was and with whom. But Chaplin and Goddard and Litvak! Compared to them, Finnegan, the lad famed for being out again, in again, was as set in his ways as Queen Victoria.

If you had asked anybody in Hollywood's inner circles two weeks before "The Great Dictator" was released, they would have told you that Chaplin and Goddard were all "through." But all through what?

That was the question

While no less an authority than

Randolph Churchill, son of Britain's Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, has announced to the world that he knew definitely that Paulette and Charlie were married, no busy reporter—and how busy they have been on this trail—has ever been able to find a record of the marriage having been performed.

Hollywood generally believe that Paulette and Charlie were married. The most accepted date when the marriage is believed to have been performed was the morning of Paulette's birthday in June, 1934, and the place, supposedly, Charlie's palatial yacht. A wedding at sea does not have to be registered on land. Another report had them married in Canton, China.

One thing at least was positive. From the day of their first meeting in 1932 until well into the spring of 1940 Charlie and Paulette were never

seen apart from one another. But come 1940 and things began to change. First, close on the heels of a rift rumor, Paulette went on a long vacation alone in Mexico. Secondly, she became a star in her own right in "The Ghost Breakers" and "North West Mounted Police." Thirdly, by late summer, she was constantly seen in clubs and at private parties in the company of Anatole Litvak, he who is the ex-husband of Miriam Hopkins and the ex-escort of such belles as Ann Sheridan, Olivia de Havilland and almost any beautiful girl about Hollywood that you can mention.

Things got so constant with Paulette and Tola, actually, that when Chaplin headed for New York for the Eastern debut of "The Great Dictator," the harassed press representatives of Warner Brothers, to whom Litvak is under contract, Paramount, to whom Paulette is under contract, and United Artists, who were releasing "The Great Dictator" were all in a desperate huddle trying to discover Paulette's whereabouts. Frantic phone calls went back and forth from studio

to studio and from coast to coast. Frantic cables went back and forth from the mainland to a ship sailing toward Mexico, a ship on which Paulette was supposed to be and on which it was whispered Litvak was also present. For weeks before this crisis, the Hollywood press had run sly little items which said, "It looks as though Charlie Chaplin has released his long-awaited picture and Paulette Goddard simultaneously"... such veiled cracks, and that was only the half of it.

The other half was whispers that pointed out that something strange always happened to the careers of Chaplin's leading ladies after they were once a hit in his pictures. Mildred Harris and Lita Grey, both very young girls whom Charlie starred, married and by whom he was divorced (and these divorce costs to him were reported as \$300,000 to Mildred Harris and \$850,000 to Lita Grey); Edna Purviance, his first leading lady when he was a producer of his own films and could dictate all terms; Georgia Hale; Virginia Cherrill—all these girls had been raised

from obscurity to fame by Chaplin and after appearing with him one or two times had oddly and immediately disappeared from things cinematic.

Thus it was that after her flash in Chaplin's "Modern Times" the movie colony asked, "Will Paulette Goddard disappear, too?"

Paulette said nothing. She said nothing when the first stories about Charlie's tiring of her were hissed. She said nothing when asked

whether or not she was his wife. She most distinctly said nothing when she began appearing with Litvak. But she had already broken the Chaplin leading lady tradition by quietly appearing in "The Young in Heart" which she followed with five solid successes, ending up with the main feminine role in "The Great Dictator."

THE pert Miss Goddard, who is made of cleverer stuff than the other Chaplin wives and leading ladies, has what amounts to a genius for saying nothing and for getting ahead. When she and Charlie first met in 1932 she was only a New York chorus girl who had gotten a divorce from a boy millionaire and who drove to her Hollywood work as a bit player in an imported car that cost thousands. At that time Charlie said he had met in her the only woman who could equal him in talent and intelligence. His friends laughed then, but now they realize that he was a true prophet. The way Paulette has developed in talent, intelligence, beauty and acting ability is amazing and inspiring.

Therefore, it is not at all impossible that, hearing the tales of the other lost leading ladies, clever Paulette may have determined that if there was to be any leaving done, she would be the one who did it. Or it may have been only a quarrel between her and Charlie that led her to listen to the delightful language of Anatole Litvak. Or it may have been only a girl growing up, in her life and her art, and wanting to discuss it with fellow artists. Or it may have been the sum of all these things.

At any rate, there could be no doubt of the attraction there was between her and Litvak. Their dining and their (Continued on page 81)



"Modern Times" started the cycle: Paulette, Chaplin's leading lady, came to the premiere with him . . .

. . . was thereafter his constant companion, the hostess for the intimate parties at the Chaplin home



Ann Miller: She
tap-danced her way
into the limelight



The man who did the
damage in "City For
Conquest": Tony Quinn



ROUND UP OF *Race Setters*

BY SARA HAMILTON

You know the faces, but how about
the facts? Here's a chance to find
out all about five promising kids

Believe It or Not But:

PPOINT 1. Ann Miller is the girl Hollywood producers begged to consume four hot fudge sundaes a day. 2. She's the up-and-coming star who had the effrontery to turn down the star lead in four big Broadway shows with no definite movie job in sight. 3. Last, but not least, Ann is the girl whom Gene Autry first kisses on the screen. (Note the technicality, girls.)

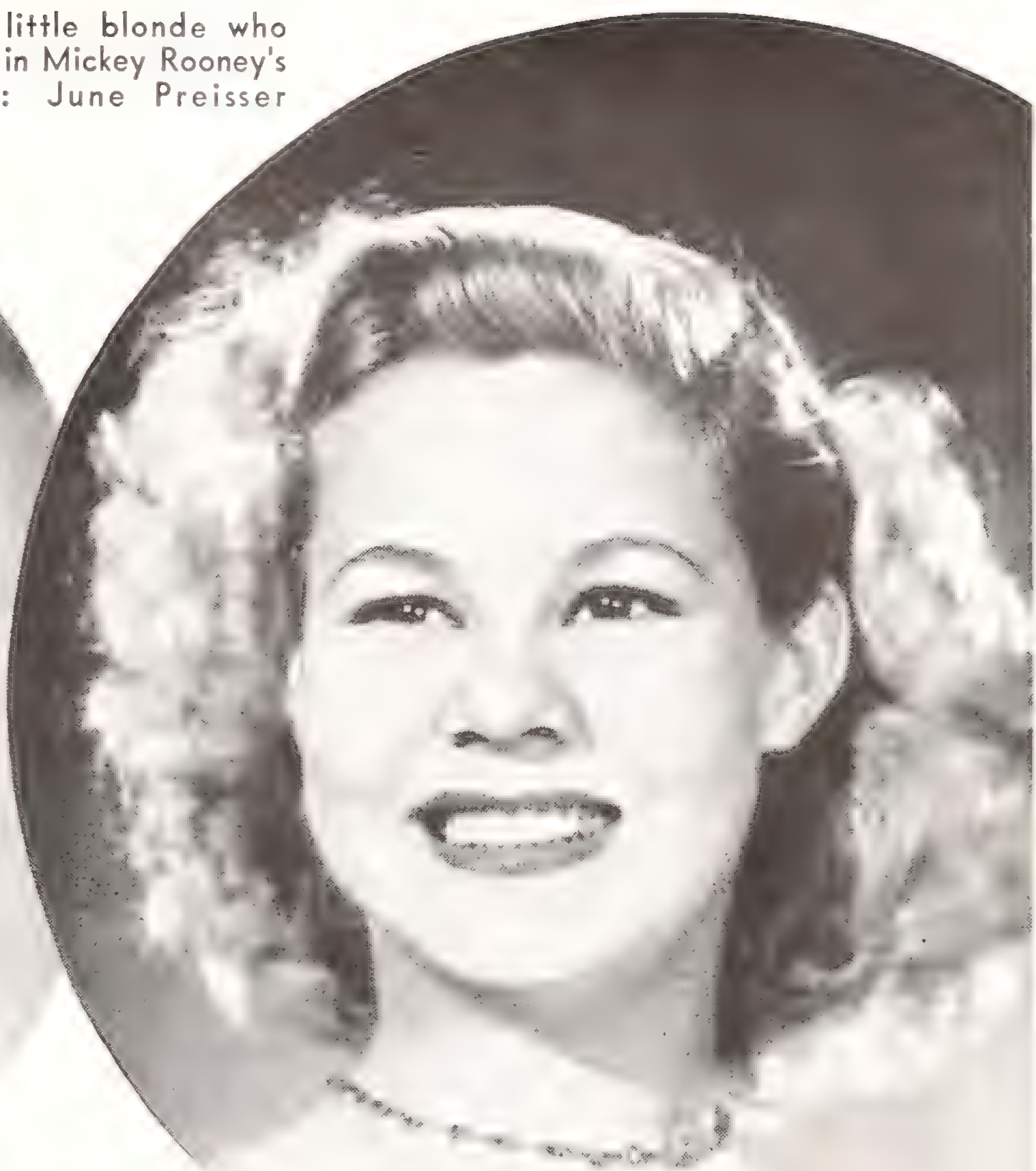
When you see her in her latest movies, "Too Many Girls," "Hit Parade of 1941" and "Melody Ranch," you'll understand why so many pleasantly unexpected things happen to Ann. They simply couldn't miss happening to anyone so darkly beautiful; for with Ann's jet black hair, arresting slender height (she's a five-foot-sixer) and creamy skin, for all the world like a 1940 Snow White who knows her way around, how could events pass her by!

The fudge sundae episode happened when Frank Capra chose Ann for the role of the dancer in "You Can't Take It With You" and producers decided she was much too slender to look the part of a home-grown would-be dancer. So Ann raced across to a drive-in four times a day and ate herself up to 135 pounds. When they finally took a look at Ann they "viewed with alarm" their handiwork. So Ann shot down to 125 pounds and everyone in the cock-

The little blonde who gets in Mickey Rooney's hair: June Preisser



He looks like Walter Pidgeon: Phillip Dorn, an import from Holland



eyed West Coast business was completely happy. She comes from down Texas way, Ann does, from the little town of Chireno, where her father practiced law. She'd always gone to dancing school, so after her mother and she came to California, she went right on to dancing school. When they were broke—and they were most of the time—dancing teachers gave their services gratis, so sure they were that one day Annie-pannie would click.

Her first grasp on the professional bubble occurred when Ann, who was then about 15, noted the Orpheum Theater in Los Angeles was about to put on a guest night show. She worked out a clever routine on her own and went on. They liked her so well she stayed for two weeks, ingeniously changing her routine each week. Then came a dancing job in a Hollywood night club with Ann and her mother hoping against hope some talent scout would spot her. None did. With the greatest reluctance she then accepted a dancing job in San Francisco with the result that Hollywood, this time, in the form of comedian Benny Rubin, came, saw, was conquered, and Ann signed with RKO where she clicked in "New Faces of 1937," "Radio City Revels," "Stage Door" and then the Capra picture.

Personal appearances then brought her to the attention of George White and in his 1939 edition of the "Scandals" Ann tap-danced the Conga



Joan Crawford thinks he's marvelous: George Montgomery of "Jennie"

right into star limelight. Publicity, write-ups, advertising posters and smart ballyhoo brought her back to Hollywood and her last three pictures. When Broadway and its four shows beckoned again, Ann, with no definite assignment in view, turned them down. She's here to stay—and are we glad!

From nothing, and we mean down to bedrock where sometimes "bed-rock" was all a person had to eat, she's boosted herself the long hard way to a four-figure salary, to a new cream-colored car, a new house for her and her mother, smart clothes and calm assurance. She's used her head, allowed no emotional excitement to sweep her off her feet.

If only she could resist bakery shops now, she'd be a wonder. Incidentally, if you know Ann, or even if you don't, never wish her good luck before a performance. She's sure to fall flat on her face or something, if you do. So, as you watch her climb up that ladder to fame, as she's sure to do, breathe softly under your breath, "Good luck, Ann."

She's earned it and deserves it.

Phillip Dorn

WE have a little bet to make with you, dear readers, and here it is. After you've witnessed the picture "Escape" you'll either ask or wonder about that fascinating foreigner who played *Dr. Ditten*. Because we're here not only to give facts but to anticipate

your desire for information, let us tell you about him that you may be first to know.

Phillip Dorn is a Dutchman, born in the little seacoast village of Scheveningen in Holland. His father was a small shipbuilder and manufacturer and Phillip, growing up among these seafaring villagers, had but one desire—to go to sea.

A Red Cross show given during the first World War changed his mind. Never did that noble organization perform a finer deed, for that same very young man rose to be the greatest stage star of Holland, revered and loved by his whole country.

His own family was against it, of course. "Be an artist or a musician, if you must give beauty," his mother urged. "An actor can give nothing."

The pleasure he has given in Holland, in the Dutch East Indies, in Africa and in the Dutch New World possessions can not be measured with material yardsticks.

He was a star almost from the beginning. One week after he left the Academy of Fine Arts and Architecture to join a small provincial production company, the leading man left. Dorn stepped into his place and has remained a star ever since. They were years breaking him down to the point where he'd leave the stage for pictures. Then he capitulated only because the folklore of a Dutch seaport village, similar to his own, was to be preserved in the film "Good Hope."

Before the outburst of hate in Europe broke into active warfare, Director Henry Koster, who had directed the actor in Europe, sent for him to come to America. He could speak no English and therefore hesitated. But after seven weeks in England, where he witnessed 200 motion pictures and thirty plays, good and bad, he discovered he could understand English, even if he couldn't speak it. Encouraged, he sailed for America and had only settled down to an intensive study of English when his own beloved Holland fell before the Nazi onslaught. Distraught, he stormed the Dutch Consulate in Los Angeles in an attempt to get back home. It was over before he could complete arrangements. His aunt and his cousin were both slaughtered in the Nazi raid over Rotterdam that occurred after the Dutch treaty of peace had been signed. For months he haunted cable offices, trying to reach his mother.

Four months of agony and suspense went by before he heard she was safe. But eighty percent of those tall, handsome young men, his friends who served with him in the Queen's Guard, were killed.

It is good for us Americans to know these things, the better to understand and help these strangers, bewildered in our midst. It is good for us to know how gallantly they discard names that are known the world around to accept others that American producers think best. (Continued on page 72)

Two times blest is Christopher Quinn, son of famous Anthony, grandson of Cecil B. De Mille

The girl who makes a big hit of Republic's "Hit Parade of 1941"—dance star Ann Miller

This is the way she looks when she's not before the cameras: M-G-M's little imp, June Preisser



Cal York's Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 8)

Fans who have screamed for Bob Stack in another Deanna Durbin picture may now relax. Bob will be the handsome hero in "Nice Girl," Deanna's next.

Franchot Tone, a refugee from New York's Stork Club, becomes a rootin'-tootin' Western cowboy in Universal's "Trail of the Vigilantes." Is that Gene Autry over there, shaking in his boots?

Protests: Many written protests poured into Twentieth Century-Fox studios when Tyrone Power was cast in the Douglas Fairbanks Sr. role of "Mark of Zorro." But now that Twentieth has announced Ty for the Valentino role in "Blood and Sand," you should hear the screaming, via mails, that is reaching that studio, mostly from middle-aged women, all rabid Valentino fans, who say they'll boycott Tyrone forever.

No wonder stars wear that slightly worried look so much of the time.

Poor Ginger: Fred Astaire, who always refused to kiss Ginger Rogers in their co-starring pictures, will bestow a little kiss upon Paulette Goddard in "Second Chorus."

Judy Garland and Dave Rose: This duet is making M-G-M hold its breath



Return: All Hollywood is cheering loudly for Gene Raymond, who suffered in silence during his two long years' absence from the screen. Those of us who saw him in his little music room built in a corner of the garden know how he tried so bravely to hide his disappointment in the creation of music.

Then Gene gave up and went back to the screen in "Cross Country Romance," the very type picture he had tried to avoid. His reward? A grand role in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" with Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery. Word comes that Gene is the choice of Jean

Arthur for the lead in her next picture, "The Devil and Miss Jones." Does Gene mind going to the devil for such a role?

Wifey Jeanette MacDonald, who never lost faith in her husband, couldn't be happier.

Gable and Lombard—At It Again: When bigger and better pranks are played in Hollywood, you can be sure of one thing—Gable and Lombard will play 'em. When Lombard's birthday rolled around, Gable had made an enormous cake carefully iced on top—"To Ma—on



Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers: She gave a party for a Fairbanks wedding

Forrest Tucker and his bride: That smile disappeared pretty quickly

her 75th Birthday." When Carole cut the cake, imagine her surprise to hear coming from the cake's innards a conversation between Clark and a friend.

"Now Clark, the gag is for you to sing 'Happy birthday' to Carole."

"What? Me sing? Nothing doing," said Gable's voice. "Next thing you know the studio will have me in singing films."

"Well," came back the friend's voice, "you could do worse. Remember 'Par-nell.'"

Whereupon Clark sang Happy Birthday to Carole, who was so touched she offered to get him a job with Western Union, if he wanted it.

Of course it was a concealed record playing inside. Carole is keeping the record.

Talk of the Town: M-G-M is quivering in its glamorous boots these days. They had sighed with relief when Judy Garland had decided to be beamed by other young men around town, Dan Dailey Jr., among them. But now Judy admits there is no one in her life but Dave Rose, Martha Raye's ex-husband, and the studio is afraid their youthful star may follow Lana Turner's example and take the plunge.

Incidentally, Judy and Dave spend every afternoon at a famous dancing school learning to rhumba. It must be love, for after that La Conga of Judy's in "Strike Up The Band," we're sure it's Dave and not Judy who needs the

lessons, with Judy going along to encourage him.

Last-Minute News: Two hours after Mischa Auer's dinner date with Pat Oakley, Mischa was seated with his estranged wife in a Valley cafe talking it over. Hollywood is keeping its fingers crossed.

Forrest Tucker and his new bride smiled for photographer Hymie Fink just a few minutes before Helen Parrish (Forrest's former heartbeat) and a swain walked in. The smiles died a sudden death, especially Mrs. Tucker's.

Despite rumors to the contrary, Bob Stack and Mary Beth Hughes are still an important twosome. Both were glimpsed at the "Little Bit of Heaven" preview.

The romance between Maggie Lindsay and Bill Lundigan has reached the stage where Maggie helps Bill with his shopping. Maggie evidently doesn't think much of Bill's tastes in shirts. (See page 32 for visual proof.)

The Woman Pays: Popularity has its price—and does Lana Turner know it! When Lana was chosen the favorite star of Uncle Sam's Navy, she was so pleased she instantly invited fifty of the boys for —er—tea. Used to liquid, the boys made several hundred glasses of beverage disappear in the twinkling of an eye—no, it wasn't tea, either.

Lana had to forego the new fur coat in order to pay the price.

(Continued on page 62)

Cal York's Inside Stuff



He looks: Alan Curtis concentrates on Ilona Massey. Wedding will occur soon



He thinks: Says student pilot Bob Taylor: "As long as there is a chance of my being drafted to fight, I'm going to learn all I can about this fighting business"



He forgets: Wayne Morris gets over a broken marriage with Bubbles Schinasi, dates Pat Stewart with the full approval of Hollywood. Here: The new combine at the theater

(Continued from page 61)

Grown-Up Babies of Hollywood: Those Wampus baby stars are back again! Chosen each year by a group of publicity men in the days gone by, they were supposedly the likeliest candidates for stardom among movies' younger players. Among some of those struggling hopefuls thus chosen were Janet Gaynor, Sally Eilers, Mary Astor, Dolores Del Rio, Mary Brian, June Collyer (Mrs. Stu Erwin), Anita Louise. Now these girls, who justified their choice, have come forth to cheer on these newest hopefuls, Lois Ramsome, Sheila Ryan, Gay Parkes, Tanya Widrin, Peggy Diggins, Joan Leslie, Irene Colman, Nan Grey, Jan Holm, Jane Hazzard, Jacqueline Dalya, Pat Van Cleve Lake.

Why not jot down this list of new baby stars and one year from now check on their popularity. Who knows? There may be another Gaynor on that list.

Big News: Laird Cregar, the mountainous actor (309 pounds and only 27 years old) in Twentieth's picture, "Hudson's Bay," has the town a'twitter with his description of a perfect woman. Laird, who is handsome despite his bulk (it's well scattered, girls), claims he has no preference so far as a woman goes except she be very bad-tempered, wear vividly vulgar nail polish and bright red hair. He prefers she dress conspicuously, too. "What man likes to be seen with a mouse?" he asks.

For that matter, Laird (do you mind if we call you Laird?), what mouse likes to be courted by an elephant?

Younger Set: The telephone rang in M-G-M's publicity office where Cal was interviewing June Preisser, that blonde

vamp of "Strike Up The Band."

"Yes. I'll be glad to, Jackie. What time? Well, I'll call tomorrow for particulars. What's your telephone number?" June kept saying.

Our interest was aroused, of course, by this one-sided conversation and especially when June confided it was Jackie Cooper wanting her to join a gang of kids for publicity stunts.

Just when we were all set to sniff out a new romance, June spoiled it. "I'll have to hide this paper with Jackie's number,"

she grinned, "or someone may get jealous."

So then we knew. Jackie is still Bonita Granville's best beau and Junie only the friend.

Cupidites: Wayne Morris has forgotten ex-wife Bubbles Schinasi, it seems, in the smiles of pretty Pat Stewart. Reggie Gardiner has eyes only for Mary Parker, both of "Charlot's Revue". The town's torch bearers, they claim, are Lana Turner for Greg Bautzer and Alice Faye for Tony Martin. Pretty Ann Miller and tall dark 'n' handsome John Carroll have discovered each other. It began when John told Ann he didn't like actresses and Ann declared she was allergic to actors. They've been inseparable ever since. Friends are asking whether the Jimmy Stewart-Olivia de Havilland romance has cooled. Or didn't they really mean it in the first place? Why doesn't Roz Russell marry, you fans write. Listen to what Cary Grant has to say about Rosalind and maybe you'll guess the answer:

"Roz is the swellest pal I know. She never stops talking a minute."

Memories: That box of text books that Bob Taylor left at Pomona, his old alma mater some five years ago, kept creeping up in his mind. He'd think of them at the oddest moments and the oddest times. Finally, one day, between a morning of golf and a late afternoon flying lesson, Bob decided to drive down to Pomona College and inquire about them. He didn't need to, however, for there they were in the cupboard, just where he'd left them. On the box in big letters was still the name S. Arlington Brugh.

As someone said, "Alas, the water that

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

After you check these correct answers with the ones you gave, you'll find out how much you know about the movie world.

1. David Rothman
2. Cary Grant
3. Don Ameche, Bing Crosby
4. Madam Tulk
5. Betty Grable
6. Simon Holt
7. Roger Moore, Noel Flynn
8. Clark Gable
9. Jimmy Stewart, Olivia de Havilland
10. Warner Baxter, Cesar Romero

has passed under Waterloo Bridge since the day Bob nailed up that box."

He has 'em in his library now, still in the box marked Brugh.

That Hat: Marjorie Rambeau, whose sense of humor is second to nobody's, has just suffered a setback to her vanity. Succumbing to the lure of one of the new off-the-face pompadour hats, Marjorie first tried it on for the inspection of her colored cook.

The cook viewed it from all angles and finally said, "Well, Miss Marjorie, it sure

This will be copied a million times: Myrna Loy (with husband Arthur Hornblow) wears the new Java boy's cap



makes your face public."

The cook is now wearing the hat.

Word from Dick Greene: Word that Richard Greene, who is now in England fighting for his country, had been injured by a bomb sent practically all of Hollywood to Virginia Field's front door. But Virginia, Dick's fiancée, had just had a letter from the young Englishman which told of his arriving in London in the midst of their fiercest air raid and of being rushed to an air shelter instead of a hotel. He also told how he'd felt a load roll off him the moment he put on his uniform. Hollywood will certainly give Dick a welcome home when it's all over at last.

Mr. Alias: Pardon me, but have you ever seen Falcon Brough on the screen? Oh, but yes you have. Only his full name is Herbert Falcon Brough Marshall. It's only recently Herbert could claim his two middle names, for once over in England he bestowed those names on a fellow actor who was trying to escape a process server and needed a new name.

"Take mine," Herbert urged and subsequently Falcon Brough became known as an actor all over England, Scotland and Ireland. But in a recent letter the

actor returned the names to their rightful owner, saying he'd retired from the stage and no longer needed them.

So, how do you do, Herbert Falcon Brough Marshall.

From Over the Sea: A fan letter received by Deanna Durbin from a gallant British soldier has brought a lump to the throat of everyone who has read it. In it the lad tells something of that now historical retreat from Dunkirk and adds that all he managed to save besides his own life was an autographed photograph of Deanna, sent him just before the start of hostilities. It's the brave cheeriness of the letter that wrings the heart.

"Underpuppy" Love: The cutest couple in Hollywood were Gloria Jean and Tommy Bond, when they appeared together at the Pantages Theater for the preview of their picture, "A Little Bit of Heaven." You should have heard the "ah's" and "oh's" from the grandstanders.

This won't be copied once: Sabu, with Shirley Temple at "The Thief of Bagdad," sports his inimitable turban



Okay for Sound: Paramount leads off with "Dancing On A Dime" which has four toe-tapping numbers. Two of them have emerged from the wax studios. Sammy Kaye swings and sways his way happily through "Dancing On A Dime" and "I Hear Music" (Varsity). For the record client who likes a heavier beat with an occasional riff, try Gene Krupa's version of "I Hear Music." He backs it up with the smart "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square" (Okeh).

The Moon Comes Over Lamour: Second on Paramount's list is "Moon Over Burma," the Dorothy Lamour starrer. The sarongish, Oriental flavor of the title song is disced up by Drumming Gene Krupa again (Okeh). The song, too, undergoes faintly syrupy treatment at the hands of Shep Fields. For a partner, Shep selected "Down Argentine Way" which comes, of course, direct from 20th Century-Fox's cutting room (Bluebird).

Afterwards, Gloria's entire family met at the Brown Derby to have supper. Tommy insisted on remaining out of the picture while Hymie snapped. There couldn't have been more excited people than Daddy and Mother Schoonover (Gloria Jean's last name) and sisters Sallie, Bonnie and Lois—unless it was Tommy, who had goose pimples over his first date.

Hollywood Cocktail: If you're tired or let down from too much study or too many Junior proms, why not try the newest Hollywood pick-me-up that all the stars are raving about? Only it's consumed in the morning, remember.

Take twenty raisins and soak overnight in lemon juice. In the morning eat the raisins and drink the lemon juice. See if you aren't ready then for anything the day may bring forth. By the way, if you can think of a clever name for this cocktail, write it in to Cal and we'll pass it on to the stars.

Lady with a great heritage: Susan Ann Gilbert, daughter of the "Great Lover" John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, with her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Earl Briggs



"Down Argentine Way", cont.: And Bob Crosby provides sturdy, rhythmic interpretations of Don Ameche's and Betty Grable's two "Down A. W." specials. The title tune and "Two Dreams Met." Bonnie King does both (Decca).

"Young People" Sticks Around: Shirley Temple's "Young People" is now a forgotten issue. But not so the song she sang. Her "I Wouldn't Take A Million" has had another transfusion. Both Tommy Dorsey and Glenn Miller have added to its number of recordings. Tommy uses the elegant "Looking For Yesterday" as its traveling companion (Victor). And Glenn picks "Fifth Avenue," also from "Young People," as his (Bluebird).

Langford Sings: You can always count on lushly smooth singing from Frances Langford. Being a loyal RKO subject, she sings "Dreaming Out Loud" from her picture with that tag and adds "You're Nearer" from "Too Many Girls" (Decca).

Hi Gang! Come over to Janie's!

(Continued from page 23)

with kids of her own age—but it did make a lot of sense to bring the world in to her.

Accordingly, a second story was added this spring to the one-story Withers house and an additional lot was bought to add to the garden at the back, so that a swimming pool and badminton court could be built. The entire story is Jane's own, privately, exclusively, and it's decorated exactly as she wanted it. Not even her parents go calling up there unless Jane invites them. Jane is on her own and so are the youngsters who visit her. If they mess about the kitchen preparing hot dogs and hamburgers, then they also have to clean up. If they make sodas, they must wash the glasses. If the girls dress their hair, they must leave the beauty parlor neat and tidy. The playroom has linoleum on the floor as immunity against jitterbugging and food dropping, but the drawing room has completely carpeted floors and no rough stuff goes there.

NOW all these facts "Mom" and Jane had excitedly told me at various times, while the new floor was being added, but in order to see it all in operation, I delightedly accepted a Sunday party date at Jane's. My muscles will never be the same again.

The gang that gathers around Jane has been, whether they are aware of it or not, carefully weeded out by "Mom" and "Pop," just as any careful "Mom" and "Pop" anywhere watch the group around a growing daughter.

Only about half the Withers' bunch are movie kids. The other half are just nice youngsters Jane knows in school and whom she admires.

The gang's party pace is very swift. The day I joined (and were those kids kind and considerate with me. They were so thoughtful I felt as venerable as Martha Washington!) we started out with a bike ride down the Beverly Hills bridle path at eight in the morning. Beverly Hills won't care to admit it, but it was a cold drizzling morning. Yet there were all those kids bright as new dimes and as fast to get away from you. The principal movie youngsters were Tommy Kelly, George Ernest, Elyse Knox, Robert Shaw, Rand Brooks (who is supposed to be "that way" about Elyse, just as Bob Shaw is supposed to be that way about Linda Darnell, who usually attends all Jane's parties, but couldn't this Sunday because of Red Cross benefit-playing) Linda Ware, Susanna Foster, Joe Brown Jr. (no relationship to Joe E. Brown but a co-worker of Jane's), Freddie Knox, Elyse's brother, and Toni Carrillo, Leo Carrillo's daughter.

We took off from the shop of Hans Ohrt, who's a bike expert, so that he could also instruct the kids in proper riding, no one, young or old, in movies being permitted to do anything indifferently for long. Not a thing but sheer fun happened, as we pedaled along for some four miles, until the hostess took a spill straight over her handlebars and lay face—and tongue—downwards in the dust with her chin bleeding profusely.

Now a movie face bleeding is no joke! Ohrt was off his bike and toward Jane in a flash. Mrs. Withers, riding the main road in a station wagon, was out of her car before it had time to stop. The kids swarmed up. But quick as they all were, Jane was quicker. Her face, her tongue, her playsuit covered with muck couldn't keep her from laughing. Bleeding, but plucky, she finally confessed she did want to go home, not because she was hurt so much as because she wanted to clean up.

So we all stacked the bikes, got our cars and adjourned to the Withers' garden. The instant Janie reappeared in a striped pajama outfit with a snug little visored cap to keep her hair in place, a Ping-pong tournament broke out with Jane and Linda Ware beating George Ernest and Rand Brooks for the final honors. That was followed up with an archery contest in which Toni Carrillo was an easy winner, scoring a bull's-eye every time she drew her bow. Then came a badminton tournament with the whole party being divided into teams of four, with Bob Shaw and Tommy Heffernan beating Jeanne Howlette and Elyse Knox and Tommy Kelly and Fred Knox beating Eleanor Lawson and Anna Glance. This mixed up the acting youngsters with the non-pros very nicely and the general merriment was turned into sheer hilarity when Elyse Knox on Rand's strong shoulders and Janie on Joe Brown's decided to play "doubles" in that goofy fashion. The whole gang, incidentally, belongs to a badminton club and gets together every Wednesday evening with a different member giving the party each time. They have a "pro" instructing them on badminton, too.

BY the time the kids had romped and I had limped through this activity it was past noon and the reluctant sun had come vividly out. Lunch was announced and in order to keep any cliques from gathering, lots were drawn for who was to sit with whom. You got your own food, buffet fashion, and it was no meal for sissies. We had fruit cocktail, Southern fried chicken, potatoes O'Brien, creamed peas, mixed green salad and

cake pudding. The kids had milk and we elders had coffee. There wasn't so much as a smell of hard liquor around the place. There never is, so don't ask.

Immediately after eating, the kids wanted to bounce right up again, but Mrs. Withers was prepared for that. Actually, the smooth running of the whole party was due to her skillful maneuvering, but I doubt that even her own daughter realized that. Mom proposed a turtle race. Turtles move a mite slowly as you doubtless are fully aware; to watch such an event the youngsters had to sit still and digestions could work.

There were eight turtles and you could wager a dime on any one you wanted, they being labeled with movie titles in honor of the guests, one special slow-mover being named "Florian" to tease Rand Brooks, who has never got over being cut entirely out of that film. Freddie Knox won the first pool on "Arizona Wildcat." Linda Ware won the second with Tommy Kelly's honor-turtle, "Tom Sawyer," Jane the third with "La Conga Nights" named for Joe Brown.

The next jamboree was a block race. Three squares of wood about four inches high and the size of an average foot were put down. The idea was to step on two of them and pick up the third, put that down and move forward, but never to touch the ground with either hands or feet. Of course, everybody tumbled eventually.

By this time it was four o'clock and getting chilly. Moving indoors, the boys dressed in slacks, the girls in simple sports dresses and made as one person for the playroom and soda bar. Janie officiated and to have three sodas was simply considered par. Linda Ware then said she wanted to sing, so after cleaning up the bar and the glasses, everybody clattered into the drawing room and "Community swing," as George Ernest called it, started around the piano.

At seven the party began breaking up. The more mature of the group, handsome Bob Shaw, pretty Elyse Knox and gay Rand Brooks, had other dates. The younger crowd were due in bed soon. The young hostess admitted she had an eight A. M. call for "Golden Hoofs" at the studio next morning.

A good time had been had by all and probably not one of those teensters realize that through the careful upbringing of one young girl, who happened to be a movie star, they were all, in an afternoon's play, being taught, not only how to make friends and influence people when they grew up, but also how to have for themselves a basis of permanent happiness.

Block race: Elyse Knox, George Ernest, Jane Withers step on blocks

Just for fun: Elyse and George

Just for a figure: Elyse poses

The end: The blocks come to woe; George and Jane have wonderful time



MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR. (the former
FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB)



THE COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA
(granddaughter of the late
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT)



MRS. VANDERBILT PHELPS



BEAUTY PRIMER...de luxe

If A stands for American and B stands for Beauty, then C stands for *Cleanliness!*

American Beauty, no matter how luxuriously nurtured, is always touched with the white wand of a puritan, almost bandbox daintiness! Hair is shining. Skin is visibly cared for, sweet and clean—like fruit blossoms after a shower.

In many of America's leading families, the rites with which this exquisite flower freshness of skin is wooed are the simple and adequate ones of Pond's beauty primer de luxe:—

BURY your face under sleek layers of Pond's Cold Cream—and *smack* your skin all over briskly with your cream-coated fingers. Do this for 3 full minutes. This cream serves two needs—it cleanses and softens, by mixing with the dead surface cells, dust and make-up on your skin.

CLEAN OFF all this softened debris with the absorbent purity of Pond's Tissues. Wiped off, too, are the softened tops of some of the blackheads, rendering it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

COVER and BRISK UP a second time with Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with gracious Pond's Tissues. In your softened, glowing skin, lines seem softer, pores finer.

FRESHEN now with the cool, astringent splash of Pond's Skin Freshener. Then

COAT your cool, clean face with its final benediction—Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream has the specific function of dispersing remaining harsh particles, little chappings caused by exposure, and endowing your skin with a flattering mat finish. Wipe off after one full minute. Then observe with what favor your skin receives—and holds—its powder.

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She Chooses Enchantment

(Continued from page 50)

managed to express her individuality in toilet waters. For that reason I have always felt a girl does not have to have a lot of money to enjoy the potent magic of perfume.

"The use of scents is a personal art, I believe, and its cultivation is a matter for the individual girl to look into on her own initiative," she continued. "I would never think of buying a perfume without first having tried it out on my skin. In the bottle the odor is often quite different from the scent it gives out from the skin, and, too, various perfumes react differently on different skins. So you cannot be too careful in making your choice.

"In most of the shops you can try out a perfume on your skin before making your purchase. Drop a bit on your wrist or the back of your hand, let it remain there a moment and you will find the true essence which your instinct will tell you is your own personality fragrance, or not. In many of the larger cities now you will find perfume bars in the shops where they extend courtesies and even in the five-and-ten-cent stores all over the country you can try out fine perfumes."

CLAUDETTE prefers to use one scent and make it distinctly hers. She uses a chosen scent for a year, or a bit longer if she is particularly fond of it. Then she goes shopping for a new fragrance and selects one that will accent her personality.

"And that reminds me," she said, "never use a scent just because a favorite friend or someone you greatly admire uses it. Don't let anyone tell you which one is your perfume. You must feel it. You will know it instinctively and then it will become one with your charm and individuality. It will signify you in another form, caught up and floated out in fragrance."

"Do you believe one perfume is sufficient to express one girl's cycle of moods?" we queried.

"Perhaps not for the majority of women," Claudette replied, thoughtfully. "Some women are a veritable rainbow of moods. I know several girls who like a variety of perfumes, the same as they have gowns for certain moods. Two or three good perfumes might meet such a need and, for variety, there is always the scented bath. Some girls prefer a scented bath, followed by spraying the skin with toilet water or cologne. This is especially nice for the girl who goes to business for it gives out an almost imperceptible fragrance. Then, there are the girls who use a lighter fragrance for the daytime and a heavier scent for evening. Oh, I tell you, to be perfectly perfumed is a subtle art and not to be achieved by dumping perfume on your handkerchief."

Claudette suggests it is better to purchase one's perfume in the smaller bottles. Scents evaporate and it is better and more economical to have a fresh supply often than to keep a large quantity so long that it changes character. In keeping with this idea she said:

"The new tendency to supply the very best fragrances in tiny and inexpensive bottles is a godsend to those who love perfumes and who could not afford them, otherwise. Those cube bath salts, too, done up in their bright papers, can be bought inexpensively. You can find the small bottles at practically all of the perfume counters, now, and those pretty little flacons, too. The dime stores make

a specialty of them. They fit nicely into handbags and vanities and fill a need, believe me, that every girl has felt since Helen of Troy went to her first dance!"

"Should perfume be applied to the clothing?" we ask.

"No; definitely no. In the first place, after it has been on clothing for any length of time it gives forth a stale odor. That in itself should be a warning not to drop it on your clothes. A girl's perfume reveals her, whether she realizes it or not. Here is my way of applying perfume and it may be of some help to the girls. I hope so, if any of them have found it a problem. With the tip of a finger at the mouth of the bottle, I moisten the finger-tip with the essence, then I begin, renewing the moistening process when necessary. First I touch the lobes of my ears, or, sometimes, just behind the ears; next I touch the temples, then along the back of my neck and whiff my hand up over my hair. After that I touch my wrists and that's all. When dressed for formal evening affairs, I do the same but also touch the inside of my elbow and across the tips of my fingers. And, for evening, just a tiny bit on my handkerchief."

"How about the business girl and perfume?"

"THE way I look at it, and you know, of course, that I was a business girl in the first part of my career," Claudette replied, "women who work in business offices and such environments should never wear perfumes in the daytime. Perfume does not belong there in the workaday world. It belongs to hours of leisure, and, as I've said, to romance. But there are other ways of achieving a winsome fragrance that will complement a girl's personality and not overshadow it. I've already mentioned the perfumed bath, followed by the toilet-water spray; or, you can wear a sachet pinned to your slip, or tucked in your hat lining, or the cuff of your coat.

"There is a girl I know who always keeps her hair brush in a box where she has a sachet of her favorite perfume. You can also place a drop of your essence on your brush before you do those hundred strokes every night.

"Toilet waters are in better taste for sports, too, for the spectators as well as the players. There are many captivating waters such as violet, lavender, verbenia, heliotrope and jasmine. Toilet water is always refreshing, but especially so at night after a brisk 'scrub.' It seems to induce relaxation and beneficial sleep. Men seem to prefer the flower scents and, with the return of the old-fashioned type of dresses, they are in great favor. Atomizers are used almost exclusively now for applying toilet waters and cologne, for you can depend upon an even distribution of the smallest amount from the spray. Atomizers are economical and even at the dime stores, now, you can get them with closure features which prevent evaporation.

"No matter what else you do," cautioned Claudette, "be sure to tell the girls not to use too much perfume in one spot! A perfume should drift, rather than cling. Haven't you noticed how some girls seem to float in a cloud of fragrance? So much depends upon the manner in which a scent is applied. Use just a little and distribute it in such a manner that you will be enveloped in it and others will not be conscious of your perfume until they are close to you. In other words, please do not be conspicuous by your perfume."

Don't Be a Draft Bride

(Continued from page 27)

Unfortunately, or perhaps I should say fortunately, no one can answer that question but the girl herself. Every woman is provided with a set of instincts which, if allowed to operate free of prejudice or wishful thinking, will tell her unerringly. It will be to her lifelong happiness to search diligently for the true answer. *You can draft marriage but you can't conscript love.* The union to which you might become a party, with whatever good intentions, would surely live to be a curse to both of you, if it were not based on mutual affection.

Closely allied is the case of the girl who is not attractive to men, or rather, I should say, who has not learned the tricks of making men see her attractiveness. To this girl 1940 and '41 can be meccas far beyond the potentialities of 1939, despite the latter's leap-year status. With the marriage bug in the air, the moment will almost surely come when she could reach out and have a husband for the taking. Flaming love might be absent from the arrangement but in its place she'd have the comforting glow of parading her man before her friends. In the end, however, she would have to face the same problem as the girl whose marriage was not based on deep affection.

OF course, we'd be making a grave mistake if we assumed that there are no instances of good old-fashioned love in these draft days. One of those which I have seen most frequently is the case of a couple who have been engaged for several years. They just haven't got around to getting married until now. Why now? Well, they held off their marriage because they felt they hadn't yet acquired enough economic security to set up a home together. Then the draft comes along with its ever-present implication of war. Suddenly they ask themselves what security there could be in a future under the shadow of Hitler. So what are they waiting for—a miserable little bank balance?

Wedding announcements go out and heads begin to wag. Engaged for three years and now getting married right on the crest of the conscription wave! A word is whispered on knowing lips. The word is slacker and no girl wants any part of it. This, then, becomes her problem: Is she willing to brave the accusation behind cynical smiles? I say yes, a thousand times, yes! Real love is something no woman should pass up if she can have it on a legitimate basis. With that in the picture the rest will work itself out.

And so we come to the final case: Two young people to whom love is not an old story but a very, very new one, carried away by their feeling for each other; where the girl is oblivious to economic security, or suspicion of her sweetheart's all too evident devotion. Her problem is: Should she deny herself marriage because of a patriotism-versus-dependence angle? Or is there some way to salvage her happiness and still release her man for defense duty?

Most assuredly there is. Let her hang on to her own job, or get one, if she isn't working—there'll be increasingly more openings for women. Thus in no sense of the word can she be classed as a dependent. Let them be married. Such inspired unions are priceless assets to any nation. Then let him go forth to his job in democracy's citizen army while she keeps industry moving at home!

In that way she will not be a draft bride, but a defense bride, which is a proud thing to be!



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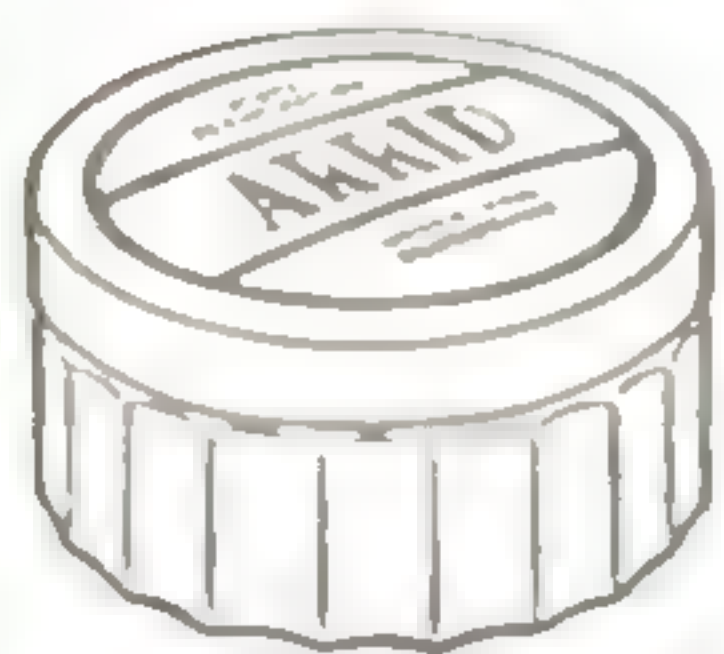
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Hollywood at Home

(Continued from page 49)

was certainly bighearted of Vivi!"

Vivi smiled quizzically: "It was worth every penny of it. For years I've heard tall stories about a chime watch his father carried when Bob was a boy. Well—the bill put an end to that. Bob's never mentioned his father's wonderful watch again."

The Cummings' ménage is in the heart of San Fernando Valley, a little town called North Hollywood.

Twelve million years ago, according to geologists, this valley was under the sea. Twenty years ago it was a barren, sun-baked expanse of sand and alkali dust. Today it is rapidly becoming a garden spot, bungalowed and mansioned from the airports of Glendale to the distant ranches of make-believe movie towns at Calabasas.

Here, eight miles from Universal studio (or ten minutes the way Bob drives), Bob and Vivi Cummings bought their home, a one-story New England farmhouse on a four-acre tract. Frame in construction and modest in design it is one of the first houses built in the Valley. Its four acres was for years the only solid green patch in an arid wasteland and, consequently, the shade trees are tall, the fruit trees lush, the flowers profuse.

"We went for it without any argument," said Bob. "It was completely furnished, comfortably and substantially. Nothing Hollywood about it. Just a place to live in."

"You'll find no Picassos hanging on the walls," Vivi added. "No modernistic furniture—no crystal chandeliers. . . ."

"Proof that this is a real, unadulterated farmhouse," said Bob, with a straight face, "is that it has three bedrooms and only one bath. That's going back to the soil with a vengeance. The first major operation around here will be another bathroom."

Only recently they bought this property, paying a third down and the balance on an FHA loan. It consists of the aforementioned bedrooms and bath, plus a glassed-in sun porch, dining room and living room—six rooms in all. The exterior is white (what is not covered by ivy and purple bougainvillea), the walls papered in early-American patterns.

THE living room has a fireplace at one end and Chinese rugs on the floor—the nearest deference to ostentation in the whole establishment. The Cummingses are well fortified against the notoriously scorching Valley summers by an air-conditioning system that works.

Despite the comfortable aspects of the living room, Bob and Vivi invariably gravitate to the sun porch, easily the most inviting spot in the house with its view of garden and patio. Weather permitting, much of their leisure hours are spent in the patio in the shade of a vine-covered pergola.

It is from this patio that one gets the best feel of the true suburban character of the place. Shielded by a phalanx of tall cypresses from the two streets fronting the corner property, it seems a day's journey from the nearest autograph hunter. The crickets chirp, the frogs croak and Suzie Q. emits squeaks like a Paris taxicab. Near by, in graceful immobility, stand two deer cast in concrete—a doe and its fawn—imperturbed these many years by the steady encroachment of Hollywood.

"I like those fellows," says Bob, referring to the deer. "I wouldn't have had the nerve to buy a thing like that and

yet I'm glad they're here. When things don't seem to be going quite so smoothly they have a calming, sedative effect on me. They're so peaceful. Nothing bothers 'em."

As for the police dog—they inherited him with the house, the former landlord feeling that the creature required the big open spaces. That's how the Cummingses came to possess a German police dog, a sad-eyed monkey and two concrete deer. A curious family, all living in harmony.

Four acres is a lot of ground for city folk, but this fragment of erstwhile desert is arranged for practical purposes in this manner: More than an acre of fruit trees; almost an acre of flowers and garden; an acre of vegetables and berries; and the balance occupied by a three-car garage, chicken coops (but no chickens as yet), the caretaker's house with bedroom and bath, a good-sized toolhouse and a barn transformed into a playhouse.

A genial young Negro named Jim Smith, to whom Bob refers as "the Captain," serves as a general handy man. On occasion "the Captain" performs as valet, errand boy, janitor, or nursemaid to Suzie Q.

The monkey has a cage which Bob connived out of wire chicken coops and so built that Suzie Q. may cling to its sides and shake it to her heart's content. The dog has a fenced-in yard and roomy doghouse, but the outstanding feature of this canine domain is the luxury of a sturdy poplar all to himself.

The Cummingses' fruit trees run the botanical gamut: Walnut, nectarine, orange, peach, lemon, plum, grapefruit, apricot and a rare species of Japanese plum. Also, there are grapes, rhubarb, boysenberries, artichokes, blackberries, raspberries. And for more aesthetic needs there are roses and gardenias.

Thus it appears that Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cummings are prepared for any eventualities. Come what may they'll have enough to eat. "Provided I get the house paid for," says Bob. And he crosses his fingers. That ole devil FHA is always lurking in the background. But in the present are bright hopes for Bob Cummings who takes another definite leap ahead with the new "One Night in the Tropics."

For all the fruit trees and vegetables and flowers Bob has no taste for being a



Big things in the Cummingses' life: Spinach II in which Bob and Vivi fly here, there and everywhere

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

gentleman farmer. He likes to look at it and be a part of it, but he hates puttering around with rakes and hoes and his agricultural knowledge could be hidden in a mustard seed. The farm-worrying is left to the caretaker and Bob is content to play the proud young landlord, pointing out the budding fruit and telling you that someday it will all be his.

All new tenants have an irrepressible itch to make alterations and Bob and Vivi Cummings are not exceptions. One of these days they're going to do things to the barn-playhouse. This clapboard structure—60 x 22 feet—has been painted green inside and out and furnished neatly into a combination office-dining-room-kitchen-rumpus-room. Eventually to be partitioned, this huge room currently houses the Cummingses' fanmail department consisting of tables, shelves and an old-fashioned roll-top desk left by Bob's father; a dining-room suite with a large refrigerator near by in which cold cuts and watermelons are kept; two Ping-pong tables and a variety of other odds and ends. Bob takes his fanmail seriously and one or two evenings a week he and Vivi work in the fanmail department in the barn-playhouse.

FATE conspires in inexplicable ways to order our lives. When Billie Burke decided to produce in 1933 an edition of the Ziegfeld Follies in memoriam to her deceased husband she unwittingly determined an important event in the lives of Robert Cummings, stage juvenile, and Vivian Janis, dancing comedienne. It was in this show that they first met and, later, when their itinerary took them to Akron, Ohio, they married.

Then Bob came to Hollywood and hoaxed it into discovering one of its most talented young actors. (The hoax has since become a classic: Paramount casting about for a juvenile with a native Southern accent fell hard for Bob's conveniently acquired Texas drawl and conveniently concocted story of his Southern background. He gave a memorable performance in "So Red the Rose" before the hoax was revealed and he was forgiven all.)

Admiring his wife's exceptional talent for mimicry and mindful of her fine record on Broadway, Bob has been disappointed that Hollywood has overlooked Vivian Janis, but Vivi now and then satisfies her own desire for self-expression by doing things at the Pasadena Playhouse under the name of Vivi Lind. She adopted the new surname because she is of Swedish descent and Jenny Lind is one of her idols.

The daily life of the Cummingses is marked by complete accord in temperament, taste and inclinations. They derive genuine enjoyment from playing with each other at parcheesi, backgammon, pick up sticks and even tiddlywinks; they spend hours together swimming, at which they're both expert.

They are in complete agreement on political and philosophical viewpoints; both are vegetarians in principle and both adhere to the Unitarian Church. They don't like night clubs, golf or tennis, or big parties. They subscribe to no daily papers (getting their news from the radio and weekly Christian Science Monitor) and both are rabid flying enthusiasts.

Of course, there are differences between Mr. and Mrs. Cummings, but they are minor ones: He is constantly irritated by her incurable habit of always being fifteen minutes late and she is forever admonishing him not to drink huge amounts of water with his meals. When they attend a sad movie she is annoyed by his strictly professional apathy.

The Cummingses' circle of intimates in-

cludes the Jimmy Hogans (he's the Paramount director), the Billy Gilberts (the rotund sneezing comedian) and Oscar Cummins, prominent attorney and Bob's personal manager. Jointly with Billy Gilbert Bob has a full-sized wood-working shop at the former's Valley place, where they spend hours making both useful and useless gadgets.

Every Friday night Bob has an inflexible standing date with Gilbert to attend the Hollywood Legion boxing matches. Their favorite fighter, for whom they root fervidly, is one George Latka, in private life a professor of psychology whose ring career is owned by George Raft.

Born in Joplin, Missouri, of Scotch-English parentage, Bob received his public schooling there and later graduated in engineering at Carnegie Tech. Amateur and scholastic theatricals impregnated him with the footlight virus. Suddenly deciding on an acting career he was offered little resistance by his parents, Dr. Charles and Ruth Kraft Cummings. Several years ago his father died and when Bob was established in Hollywood his mother came out and settled in Los Angeles.

His mother does not live with him because of her conviction that in-laws are of no help to the marital bliss of their children. Besides, she has her own world and her own interests. This tall, handsome and matronly woman is an ordained minister of the Unitarian Church and as the Right Reverend Ruth K. Cummings she presides over the Earnest Holmes Institute of Religious Science at 6th and New Hampshire streets, Los Angeles. Bob and Vivi, you see, come naturally by their spiritual leanings.

Three years ago Bob was invited to reign as Orange King at the annual Orange Festival at Lindsay, California. He portrayed the symbolic monarch so well that ever since the invitation has been repeated. Finally it was decided that it might as well be a permanent reign. To cinch it the Lindsay air field was officially designated Bob Cummings Airport.

And that brings us to Spinach II.

Ten years ago Bob learned to fly. He took to it like a fledgling and a few years later, as soon as he accumulated enough money, bought himself his first plane. Being prejudiced in the manner of vegetables he painted the plane green and dubbed it Spinach I. Soon he met Vivi, married her, and got Spinach II. He taught Vivi how to fly; now they spend their free days roaming the skies. They fly on the slightest pretext, at nights, on Sundays, to San Diego for lunch, to Texas to visit friends, anywhere and for any reason.

Bob, acknowledged one of Hollywood's most skillful flyers, has the unique distinction of being the only private pilot in the country with an instructor's license. The U. S. Army has commissioned him in the Air Corps Reserves.

Hanging on the wall of the barn-playhouse are three airplanes in miniature—models of the first Spinach, the second, and the third, which will shortly be delivered to him.

There you have the Cummingses—Bob and Vivi. In this narration of how they live there are no swimming pools, no night clubs or Elsa Maxwellian parties, no champagne or liveried chauffeurs—no "going Hollywood."

Instead, there are four quiet acres in San Fernando Valley, a flexible vegetarian diet, a wistful-eyed monkey, tranquil evenings in a shaded patio with a few good friends, two concrete deer and hours in the sky wondering what all the fuss is about down below. A farrago of interests, sensibly approached, quietly pursued, zestfully enjoyed.



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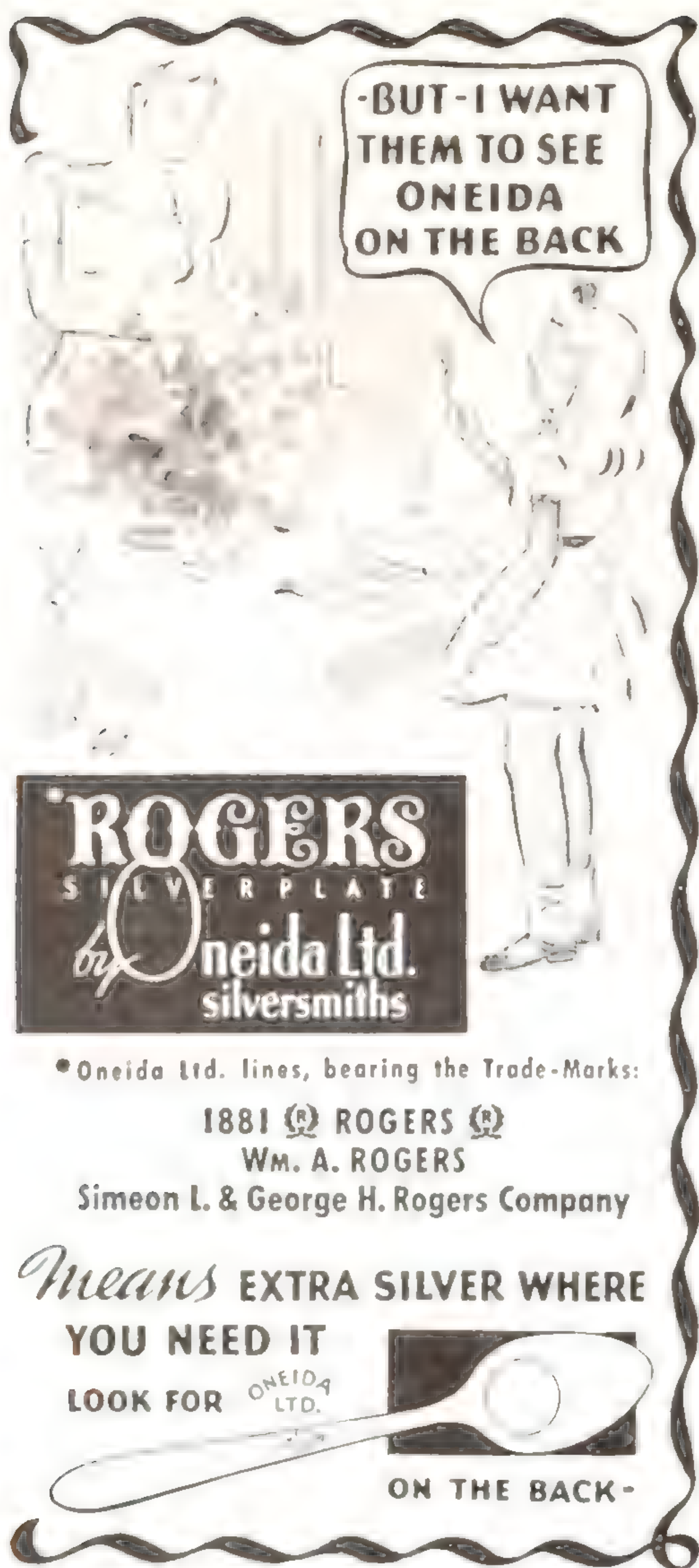
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MOVIE MIRROR

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Doing Anything Tonight?

(Continued from page 32)

Lee is one man who is not at all interested in talking about himself. He will ask you about yourself and listen to what you say with flattering interest. No, he won't say many "sweet nothings." There is too much dignity about him for that. But he will manage to give you the impression you are something pretty special.

After dinner, you'll probably go to a movie (Lee likes pictures—good pictures) and then for a drive if it's a nice night. Lee's car, too, usually has the top down and if the wind threatens to eliminate your hat, you'll find he has a scarf tucked away somewhere to tie around your hair. You'll probably drive to the beach to watch the moon on the ocean, while the radio plays.

When you get home, he won't end the evening with a cursory, "It's been nice seeing you," but will, if he likes you, make a definite date for another evening in the future. If he doesn't you'll be pretty disappointed because, for all his quietness, Lee Bowman is a young man the ladies like to please.

THE most glamorous date to be had in Hollywood is, probably, one with Jeffrey Lynn. Jeffrey definitely has elegant tastes and likes to do things with an elegant touch. When he telephones to ask you out, he will almost surely say, "Let's dress." So, all aflutter, because Jeffrey is very handsome, you'll spend a good deal of effort making yourself look a credit to him. He is crazy about perfume—that is, for women—and if you want to impress him immediately, use your best and quite a lot of it. Also, you might try wearing white if it is becoming to you.

Jeffrey will drive you himself, of course, but the top of his car won't be down. Every item of his apparel will be super-plus-perfect and he'll be so handsome it'll positively take your breath away. He will no doubt take you to Ciro's, this being the smartest place in town. There will be special flowers on the table (oh, yes! I forgot; he'll send you flowers to wear, too) and the head waiter will hover around obsequiously, Jeffrey's liking for tip-top service being well known.

You'll dance a lot. Jeffrey is a marvelous dancer and can do all the latest and most intricate steps. He seems quiet and dignified, usually, but when he gets on a dance floor, he changes into a different being—much more buoyant and boyish and dynamic.

You will meet people who know him, of course, but he won't invite them to join you. He will seem to want to keep you to himself and you'll love it. No, on a first date, he won't try to make love to you. Jeffrey isn't like that at all. But he probably will look at you very thrillingly across the table and sometimes reach over and pat your hand. Yes, you should find Jeffrey a grand date!

Ditto Jimmy Stewart, although a typical evening with Jimmy will be quite different from one with Jeffrey. In the first place, he will probably call up and say something like this: "Want to have dinner at my house with Hank and Frances Fonda and me? Oke. Be over after you."

So then he'll come around in his car and take you to his house out in Brentwood. The Fondas will already be there and Jimmy will introduce you quite ceremoniously, blushing, maybe, and will fuss around then mixing drinks, being ever

so careful to fix yours just exactly the way you like it. He'll also make a good many visits to the kitchen to see about dinner. Jimmy is a good cook himself and is never quite trustful that anyone else can do as well.

Dinner will be good—simple and plentiful—with Jimmy serving at the head of the table. Later on, you'll go into the playroom and play Ping-pong. Jimmy is simply a whiz at Ping-pong and a fiend for it, too. Even after the rest of you are exhausted, he'll be raring for more.

After that, you may play some card game (not bridge, though; Jimmy doesn't like it), or sit around and talk, usually about pictures or about flying. When the Fondas leave, you'll leave, too, and, driving you home, Jimmy may apologize for the "dull sort of evening" he thinks you've had. "Should have taken you dancing," he'll mutter. But you'll mean it when you say, "Nothing of the sort! I loved every minute of it!" Because there is something so appealing and so genuine about Jimmy that it's fun just to be around him.

Eddie Norris is a lot of fun on a date, too. For one thing—and any girl likes this—he spends a lot of money on you. Eddie, you know, was "born to the purple," as it were, and it keeps coming out in the way he simply assumes that the best is none too good for himself and whomever he is with. He hates ostentatious swank, though, and if he invites you to dinner will just as likely take you to "Oscar's Eats" on the wrong side of the tracks (if the food is good) as to Ciro's. He is a great one to notice what you have on and to compliment you for it. He loves a girl to look beautiful and glamorous and to be perfectly groomed. He is certain to telephone and ask you what you are wearing and to send flowers in perfect taste for your costume. Your evening with him will probably include cocktails at some favorite bar of his, maybe a "joint," but a good one if you get what I mean; dinner at another "joint" (but an expensive one) and then a flight in his plane to San Diego or somewhere. He is simply crazy about flying and I am certain he wouldn't take a girl out twice who wasn't willing to sail off into the clouds whenever he said the word.

Eddie will also remember to telephone you the next day to mention how happy he was to have had the privilege of taking you out. Courtesies like that are instinctive with him.

GEORGE BRENT is another interesting date. George is a conversationalist. He is extremely well posted on everything. He has a wonderful education and an Irishman's flair for humor. George likes to drive a car and drives extremely well. A date with him may very well be for dinner in Santa Barbara (100 miles from Hollywood), or some place like that. So he will probably call for you around five-thirty and you will start north along the coast just as the sun is rolling down into the sea. As you spin along, George will probably think of some poetry to describe the sunset before you. He loves poetry and has a prodigious memory for it.

He will drive very fast—about seventy miles an hour—but you won't notice the speed because he is such a good driver. It won't be long dark before you arrive at your destination, the Santa Barbara Biltmore, probably, where you will dine on the terrace with a magnificent view

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

stretching away before you. George knows how to order a meal, too, and the right kind of wine and liqueurs. There will be music. He likes music with his meals, but he doesn't care for dancing.

Later, as you drive back to Hollywood, George, a wonderful raconteur, will probably get to telling you stories about picture-making and you'll find you are back in Hollywood before you know it. A date with George is not particularly personal. He doesn't have the "you and I" manner. But you'll enjoy him just as much as though he did. He is—well, interesting is still the best word. He is also entertaining and amusing.

ANOTHER date you'll enjoy will be one with Eddie Albert. Eddie will probably ask you for an all-day Sunday outing aboard his yawl, the "Mollie," with another couple. He will probably be a little late calling for you—I've never heard of him being otherwise—and you'll drive down to the harbor at breakneck speed. Once on board, Eddie will show you the entire boat, reciting all sorts of nautical terms as glibly as you can say "cat." Then you'll settle down to some deep-sea fishing. Eddie will let you use his own special tackle and if you land anything will probably be more excited about it than you are. He's crazy about fishing and is quite likely to forget entirely the important matter of lunch if you don't watch out. But when he's reminded, he'll repair to the galley and fix up as tasty a meal as you ever ate. Nor will he let you help with cleaning up afterward. He's as quick and deft as a woman.

After lunch, you'll fish some more or maybe just sit around on deck and talk or listen to Eddie's phonograph. If you and Eddie have any time by yourselves, you'll probably find him a little shy, especially at first. Gradually, though, he'll loosen up, particularly if you talk about music or books. Eddie, too, is not one given to murmuring sweet nothings, but if and when he pays you one of his cautious compliments, you can bank on it that he means it.

Next on my list would be, I think, Harry Crocker, who writes a syndicated Hollywood column. Harry knows everyone in pictures and is one of the most entertaining men I ever met. A member of California's famous Crocker family, his social position is unassailable. A date with him will more than likely take you to some place like Ciro's, or the Victor Hugo, for dinner. You will, of course, dress and if you ever looked beautiful and glamorous now would be a good time for it, because Harry is a connoisseur of women's clothes and also feminine beauty. You won't have a thing to say about your dinner. He will have it all ordered in advance, with wonderful wines and all the other trimmings. I forgot to say that of course he will have telephoned to see what you are wearing and will have sent an appropriate corsage—not ordinary flowers, but something very exotic. Dining with Harry, you'll probably meet dozens of movie celebrities. He knows everybody and is very popular. He is also a wonderful dancer—almost as good as the marvelous Romero.

I'd better warn you, though—a date with Harry Crocker will keep you out late! After Ciro's or the Victor Hugo,

you'll visit two or three other places at least, probably the homes of some of his pals like the Millands or the Gary Coopers or the Colmans. Likely as not you'll wind up with a plane ride over the city to see the sun rise. But whatever you do, you'll have a wonderful time. After all, movie stars aren't the only good dates in Hollywood!

Last but not least on my date list is Bill Lundigan. (*As you know, Margaret and Bill think a lot of each other. There are those who say it's wedding bells any time now. So no wonder she blushed as she mentioned him.*) One date with Bill is never the same as another. He likes to do a lot of things. But a typical one will be something like this:

You'll start out fairly early and go somewhere for an appetizer first, perhaps the Beachcomber's or one of the Derbies. Then (and you'd better not be wearing anything very "dressy") he'll suggest that you drive out to that place in the Valley where you catch your own fish and have them fried right there for your dinner. He drives an expensive car and the top most certainly will be down unless it is raining, so you'd better wear the right kind of hat.

YOU won't have very much trouble catching your fish; they rush at every fly that's cast, but it will be exciting, anyway, and you'll work up a ravenous appetite. While your dinner is frying, you will be arguing like mad over something or other. There is something challenging about Bill. He is on his toes mentally and puts you on yours. You'll settle or what is more likely—reach an impasse concerning half a dozen subjects even before your trout arrive and you'll keep it up through dinner. Once in a while Bill will stop and say with a wicked little twinkle in his eye, "You look very pretty when you're mad," and you'll have to laugh, "het up" though you may be. Besides, he has respect for other people's ideas and that keeps arguments with him from getting too hot. But you can't change his mind about anything, after he's made it up, so you might as well not try.

After dinner, you'll shoot back through Cahuenga Pass into Hollywood and no doubt go bowling. Bill is very good at it and even though you may be an amateur, his enthusiasm is such that you're certain to enjoy it, too. Of course, he'll keep you at it—if you let him—until the wee sma' hours. But on the other hand, if you even hint that you're tired, he'll be so instantly contrite that you'll hasten to reassure him that you feel wonderful.

When you finally do get home, if you live alone he'll insist on coming in and seeing if there are any strange men lurking in your closets and that the back door is securely locked. Then he'll give you a casual pat on the cheek, tell you to "be good" and beat it. There is about him an old-fashioned protectiveness toward women which is rather unusual in a chap so modern and sophisticated.

So—there you have my choice of the ten best dates in Hollywood! With any one of them you couldn't go wrong and not because they are celebrities, either, but because each has in his own right that certain something which "puts him across" with a girl. And I mean any girl.

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Round Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 60)

Thus Fritz Van Dorn became Phillip Dorn, the actor you noticed in "Ski Patrol," the one you'll applaud in "Escape."

"When friends shout, 'Hey, Phil,' I can't yet connect the name with me," he laughs.

Slender of build and six foot two, with something of the looks of Walter Pidgeon and all of his charm, Dorn promises to be another movie idol. It will never faze him. Some actors we know should be compelled to sit at this man's feet and listen to him, quietly exploding egos in all directions. He holds most actors are actors because they're both lazy and curious to see behind the limelight. The first four years are given to showing off. After that, if they have true talent, they get down to work.

He's married to a Dutch girl and lives on a tiny chicken ranch. His English is almost perfect, except he says, "I'm crazy with it," instead of "crazy over it."

Where Dorn's concerned, we're both. So there.

June Preisser

JUNE PREISSER, that little bundle of blonde venom that's forever getting in Mickey Rooney's hair on the screen, is actually a honey-lamb of a child from down in old New Orleans. June, just 19, has been dancing for seventeen years. It happened when she followed sister Cherry to dancing school when she, June, was just 2 and refused to leave without a lesson. If you saw Junie in "Babes In Arms," "Dancing Co-Ed," "Judge Hardy And Son" and her latest, "Strike Up The Band," you know she's done considerably well for her little blonde self, even if she is always cast as that vampish "other woman."

Off screen June is one of Mickey's best friends and a pal to Jackie Cooper and the other lads. When she's in Hollywood, that is. Out of town, however, there's a certain Yale man, a young doctor down home, who keeps June's heart all a-dither. When June isn't making a movie, she and her mother usually head for New Orleans to see her four brothers whom she adores. Of course, there's the touch football team that June plays on as a receiver. June, her four brothers (all grown) and sister play six neighbor kids, also grown, and no punches are pulled, believe you me.

She began her theatrical career all because she got lost one day during a shopping tour, down in New Orleans when she was just 9 years old. Her mother and older sister Cherry were waiting in the car for June to find them when she appeared hand in hand with Al Trahan, the famous comedian. He'd found June turning amazing handsprings on a near-by vacant lot.

"That's nothing," she grinned. "You should see my sister Cherry."

Mr. Trahan talked a solid hour before Mrs. Preisser agreed to let the girls appear at the Orpheum Theater. They were terrific hits and later toured the country with their mother. After a fling on Broadway came Paris and England with more success. They were dancing in Paris when word came they were commanded to appear before the Duke and Duchess of York (now the King and Queen of England) at the King's Jubilee. But English customs officers refused to permit them to land, pointing out they had no visa.

"Very well," said Mrs. Preisser. "You'll

explain, of course, why my daughters cannot dance before Royalty tonight as commanded."

That settled it. Luggage flew every which way as the Preissers were escorted to their hotel, the only Americans to enter England without a visa.

They were thrilled, of course, when both the Duke and Duchess rose to applaud and the entire audience rose, too. Maybe the fact they refused to obey instructions as to ignoring the royal presence and instead threw kisses all through the act had something to do with it.

But Queen Maud of Norway was so delighted with the pair she requested their song be sung again. "It is so American," she said.

The song was, "Lookie, Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cookie."

So American. Are we blushing.

In New York the girls joined the Follies on Broadway. While the show was in Chicago, Cherry met and married David Hopkins, son of Secretary of Commerce Harry L. Hopkins, so June went back to Broadway for "You Never Know" with Lupe Velez, Libby Holman and Clifton Webb and then came Hollywood and M-G-M movies.

It thrills June to think Cherry has named her new baby June after her. She's proud of brother Frederick, who was a star footballer at Tulane and brother Thomas Jr., who has sold his first play in New York. Her other brothers are in business in New Orleans.

Her saddest experience came from "showing off" when she thought Clark Gable was in the audience. Poor June fell flat on her head. Luckily, he didn't come until the following night, when she was a subdued and chastened but grand little dancer.

Naturally, she knows a lot about good food, coming from New Orleans, and can cook shrimp Creole till it's too bad.

For all her theatrical career, she's homey and home-loving, natural and sweet. And, oh yes, they pronounce the name Pricer.

Cowboy with Charm

DOWN from the hills and plains of Montana came young George Montgomery Letz to see his older brother, Michael, off to his engineering job in South America. Down from the knotty-pine offices of a local studio came a talent scout for a bit of evening's relaxation. He didn't get it, however, for no sooner was the scout seated in a night spot than in walked George Montgomery Letz and his older brother, out for a bit of celebration before sailing time, and the night was instantly filled with talk of tests, contracts, jobs and what not. So, next morning after his brother's boat sailed, George trotted off for his test and subsequently wired his enormous family, "I won't be home. I'm going into movies." Even coyotes howled with excitement. Georgie, of all people, in the movies. Yippee!

He made Westerns out at Republic before Fox got a look at the handsome, six-foot-three, 23-year-old giant with that outdoor complexion and indoor blue eyes. He dropped the Letz from his name and went from one picture to another, his recent ones being, "Charter Pilot" and "Jennie."

George is the youngest of fifteen children, thirteen of whom are living, all with children of their own plus innumerable cousins, aunts and uncles.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

George himself is a great-uncle and when the family, including Father and Mother, decided to visit George en masse in Hollywood, the excited youngster had to rush out and rent three houses in Santa Monica to house the lot of them.

He's a bachelor and the nearest he ever came to being serious over a girl was when he was seized with a terrific crush on Nancy Kelly. Sometimes, when her best beau is out of town, George will escort Brenda Joyce to a preview. But, by golly, he won't take any girl out just for publicity purposes and anyway, he says, why spend in one night in one night spot, money that would buy a thoroughbred heifer for that 1,440 acre ranch he's bought for himself (on the installment plan) up in Montana. George reasons movies may not always want him, so at least he'll have his ranch to turn to.

George himself was born on a ranch near Brady, Montana, on August 29, 1916, and spent practically all his life on it. He attended grade school and high school over at Great Falls and took a whirl at the University of Montana for one semester, but a combination of hard times and love for open spaces drove him back to the ranch, where he worked for his father. He might have been there yet, if that engineering job of Mike's hadn't brought him south.

Between pictures, however, he goes back to Montana again, looking after the winter wheat crop on his own ranch, or off wild goose hunting (of all things) or packing into the mountains with a brother or two after big game.

George is shy, for all his virility. Older women, we'll say along about thirtyish, instantly want to mother him (while wishing they were a bit younger). Younger women look at his extreme handsomeness and wish they were older.

At the preview of his first Twentieth picture, "The Cisco Kid and the Lady," he was so nervous he slipped out the side door and when Cesar Romero finally found him George liked to die, for Joan Crawford, who was with Cesar, thought he was marvelous and said so.

From then on, George worked even harder, beginning to make all the tests with newcomers, a job all actors avoid, because in that way he hopes to learn more and more of screen technique.

Like a real ranch-hand, he can twang a mean guitar. He dabbles a bit in painting, too. If he'll keep right on dabbling in movies, we'll be satisfied, for to our notion George is the handsomest lad to hit town since Bob Taylor drove up from Pomona in a friend's jalopy.

And for that one you're welcome, Montana George.

Anthony Quinn

TAKE a dash of hot Irish temper, a helping of Spanish romance, stir in a generous portion of restless Americanism and you have Tony Quinn, that dark 'n' handsome lad who created so much darned damage in "City For Conquest" as Ann Sheridan's dance partner and who will soon emerge in Paramount's picture "Texas Rangers Ride Again."

Anthony Quinn was born in Chihuahua, Mexico (only it sounds like a hiccough when Tony pronounces it), and brought to the United States when a very young

baby at the express invitation of Pancho Villa, who liked Frank Quinn, Tony's father, and offered him escape rather than death. It seems the big, genial Irishman (who had drifted to Mexico and married a beautiful senorita) failed to co-operate one hundred percent with Pancho. As a result, Tony grew up an American (he has his papers), became a movie actor and son-in-law of Director Cecil B. De Mille. Little did Villa surmise the consequences of his generous gesture!

The combination of Irish and Spanish blood is almost too much, at times, for the 25-year-old Tony who beneath that Latin exterior is a seething dynamo of emotions. When seized with a restless urge, he'll hop in his car and drive furiously, all alone. Maybe he'll land in Long Beach at the "Spit and Argue" club out on the pier, or maybe he'll land in Texas, as he did recently, and calmly telephone Mrs. Quinn he's driven a bit farther than he'd realized. Fortunately, the former Katherine De Mille is a woman of wisdom who understands her Tony.

He loves to sleep daytimes and prowls at night where people, not picture folk, but people of every race and creed, gather. On Main Street, for instance, in Los Angeles. Without realizing it, he's gathering together the feeling of men and women that will be translated to written pages when Tony can no longer resist his urge to tell a story.

He worships the memory of his father who was himself an adventurer and who died so young. Thomas A. Wolfe the late writer, who also died in early manhood, is another idol, with Tony gathering every little scrap of information he can collect on his writing favorite. He reads constantly, loves poetry, collects records of beautiful music (but is too bashful to admit it), eats steaks, huge thick ones, three times a day to restore the fuel burned by his intensity. He loves nothing better, in fact, than a monstrous steak around two A.M.!

He left school for good at 14 to work at any job that came his way. Finally, one day, he heard an actor was needed to do a take-off on John Barrymore at a Little Theater production of "Clean Beds." Tony asked for a reading, got the part, Barrymore himself complimenting him upon his performance. Soon he was seen by a Universal talent scout, given a test and was on his way.

He was working for De Mille himself when he met Katherine. He had no idea who she was, but, after a short conversation, he grew interested, asked her to lunch, later discovered she was the director's daughter and nearly died of fright. But it was too late. Tony was in love.

Once, before he'd met Katherine, he'd turned down a De Mille contract with only twenty cents in his pocket. Today Tony is Warners' shining light.

He's had exhibitions of both his work as a sculptor and painter, work he does and loves, in memory of a father who died too young to complete his dreams.

He's never seen his wife on the screen. His young son Christopher Anthony is his pride and joy. And, oh yes, those eyelashes that shade those Mexican orbs are the envy of every girl in town. Tony doesn't know he has 'em.



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Now that you've almost finished reading this issue, are you ready to do what we asked you to do on page 21?



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Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

spiritual power . . . at least not for my money . . . and if Mr. Kanin wants to shoot me for this, he knows where he can find me . . . and me so fond of him, too, and without a single bullet-proof vest to my name. . . .

The other pictures, all save "The Great Dictator" and "The Thief of Bagdad" aren't remotely in this class . . . but they are fun . . . "Dancing on a Dime" is a cute, unimportant, gay little musical . . . "Third Finger, Left Hand" is Myrna Loy being her warmest, most engaging self mixed up in one of those little love plots that gets by the Hays Office by its principals' pretending to be married and then, goodness me, what a scene when they have to explain that they are not . . . "A Little Bit of Heaven" is a little bit of Gloria Jean and a lot of Billy Gilbert and Butch and Buddy, and all quite harmless . . . "Moon Over Burma" is a romantic moon hanging over Dottie Lamour and Robert Preston, all hokum and dream stuff that is really most enjoyable . . . "Hit Parade of 1941" is an excellent musical with Ann Miller scoring in a whirlwind tapping rhumba and Frances Langford singing sultry songs sweetly . . . they are all of them, each in their standardized, individual ways worth the price of a moderate admission. . . .

As for the "The Thief of Bagdad," it is the most imaginative, most entrancing, most colorful film since "Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs" and I can't imagine anything more wonderful than to be a child seeing it. . . .

Which brings me to "The Great Dictator" . . . the great disappointment . . . yet a disappointment that reveals how very far movies have advanced . . . "The

Great Dictator" is, as you certainly must know, Charles Chaplin's attempt to make the world laugh at Hitler . . . it is, also, Charlie Chaplin's attempt to make the world laugh once more at Charlie Chaplin, laugh at and with him . . . it doesn't succeed in either mission . . . even the serious speech that Charlie makes close to the end has been better written and delivered in every anti-Nazi film so far produced . . . the physical loveliness and the definite allure of Paulette Goddard have been completely blurred . . . the whole thing is as muddled as the original Chaplin idea that Hitler is a man who can be laughed out of existence . . . the tragedy of it is that if Chaplin had not kept himself aloof from the general Hollywood scene he would have known, he with his sensitive and fine intelligence, how the film world has advanced . . . he would have known those things and have been equal to them. . . .

Thus ended only one Hollywood week . . . one typical week with its romances, its divorce, its marriage, its standard product, its failure and its several triumphs and its one clear expression of art . . . nine pictures, all dedicated to our happiness . . . nine pictures, each expressing in their individual ways the creative minds and dreams and achievements of scores of free men, working toward a common goal, the pleasure of people. . . .

I ask you if ever in the world's history there was one town that in one week could have revealed half so much . . . you know and I know the answer . . . there never was . . . and yet the wonderful and exciting fact about it all is that this is still, as far as Hollywood is concerned, only the beginning. . . .

JOIN NOW—PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR DANCING SCHOOL

First step is to work the quiz on page 53 then check your answers with these correct ones:

GIRLS

1. Emily Post says no, but there are times when it's the gracious thing to do. If your escort looks fagged and isn't applauding, don't.
2. Think of your head as a round object suspended from a string; keep your shoulders square and your back straight; don't allow your derriere to stick out; don't hang on your partner's neck or arm.
3. Yes, unless the man is supersensitive about the difference in height.
4. The accepted formula requires the other man to ask you for the dance, then immediately ask the escort if he minds. The escort and you can then make the decision, in turn.
5. Over his right shoulder.

BOYS

1. In the center, just above the small of her back.
2. Crooked at about a thirty degree angle and definitely out, so that the elbow points away from you.
3. Hold your pocket handkerchief between your hand and the girl's dress, or guide her for a while with the edge of your hand until it dries.
4. If you can find a piece of dress at any place from which you can lead adequately, put your hand there. Otherwise you'll just have to clutch the flesh and it's her own fault if it gets uncomfortable. Using a handkerchief in this case would make you look as if you were too modest to touch her and also draw attention to her nudity.
5. Depending on how well you and your partner work out new steps, try them if you like on a floor so long as you won't be making a spectacle of yourselves or getting in other people's way.

Hollywood's Super Headaches

(Continued from page 25)

politician. For film directors deal in temperament.

There are more temperamental whims of actors, actresses, writers and producers than silver fox capes and drive-in sandwich stands in the Hollywoods and the directors are the official wailing walls of the sound stages.

Paul Muni's passion for the retaking of the same scene time after time even after the director has laryngitis from saying, "Okay" probably had something to do with Warner Brothers' not renewing the actor's contract. A pain in the neck for detail, Mr. Muni will not approve one of his scenes until he's absolutely, positively, certain, confident and assured it is of Academy Award quality—even if it takes half the summer.

You'll have to admit that Muni turns in some mighty fine acting performances. But he does it the hard way. And after eighteen "takes" of the same scene, someone is bound to crack up—and it's usually the director.

Claudette Colbert hits the ceiling whenever a director tries to photograph the right side of her face. The right of her face does not photograph well, she says, and she insists upon showing only the left.

This little whim of Miss Colbert's was forgotten once by a director when he approved construction of a set for one of her pictures. When she reported for work it became apparent there was no possible way she could enter the room, as the script demanded, without showing the right side of her face.

The actress fumed and fussed and the director did everything including getting down on his hands and knees in an attempt to change her mind. But there was nothing he could do. Miss Colbert would be photographed from the left side, or not at all. They dismantled and rebuilt the set.

WHENEVER Clark Gable portrays a film role it eventually develops into a battle over his virility, with sometimes exasperating results for directors. Gable revels in his title as the screen's No. 1 he-man and will not say or do anything before a movie camera that might even temporarily jeopardize this reputation. Metro executives and Director Clarence Brown spent hours arguing with Gable before he was convinced that his dancing scenes in "Idiot's Delight" would do him no harm, which they did not.

During filming of "Gone With the Wind," Gable pondered many hours over important sequences, especially the love scenes with Vivien Leigh. Release by George Cukor of the film's directorial reins to Victor Fleming after several weeks of production undoubtedly was caused by Clark Gable. Cukor has a reputation for directing women, Fleming for directing robust films featuring men.

Another actor who worries himself and his directors into a lather about the quality of his scenes is Spencer Tracy.

Tracy's chief worry is whether a scene he has just completed is "hammy." If he has the slightest suspicion that it is, he insists upon a retake.

"We'll do it again—without the ham," he says.

Spencer Tracy takes very seriously his reputation as one of the finest actors in Hollywood and he doesn't want pork mixed up with good acting.

Even easygoing Bing Crosby pouts now and then. He once complained to a director that he did not want to wear a high silk hat in a film scene. He said the

hat made his face look grotesque.

The director, viewing the matter as such a trivial one, thought Crosby was only kidding and immediately forgot about it. But the crooner absolutely refused to wear the high silk hat in the picture.

Although he will portray film bad men only if they display a fair amount of goodness somewhere before the finish of the picture, George Raft, like Gable, worries about his virility.

I remember the time at Paramount when he almost tore down all the sound stages with his bare hands and threatened all sorts of dire things when the script of "The Lady's From Kentucky" demanded that he operate a sewing machine for an important scene.

"Who do you think I am—Old Mother Hubbard?" yelled Raft as he pounded out an ear-shattering protest on a studio executive's walnut desk.

The argument waxed hot and eloquent for several days. The director of the picture couldn't understand why Raft would not play the scene. But he didn't know Raft. In the end, they eliminated the sewing-machine scene from the picture and Raft emerged triumphant again in his battle to preserve his he-man reputation.

ON more occasions than one the Ritz Brothers and film directors have been at each other's throats. The comedians insist they know more about their own particular brand of comedy than anyone else and resent a director who tries to change their minds even for their own good.

Sometimes the comedians are right. And sometimes they are wrong.

The brothers, Al, Jimmy and Harry, went down for the count of ten in an encounter with veteran director Allan Dwan. As spokesman for the comedy team, Harry Ritz complained to Dwan that a certain sequence in one of their films was not funny. Harry Ritz said:

"We know what is funny and what is not funny. And we don't think this is funny."

"All right," replied Dwan. "How many pages in the script don't you like?"

Harry thumbed through the script and said there were four.

"Okay," said Dwan, tearing out the four pages, to Harry Ritz' amazement and chagrin. "We'll just forget about them."

The comedians protested, saying they might have been wrong and perhaps they acted too hastily anyway. But Dwan refused to change his decision. "You don't like one of your best scenes in the picture," Dwan said, "so it will not be filmed." And it wasn't.

Among the foremost scene-stealers, Akin Tamiroff and Jack Oakie are a combination which would drive any director to the solace of a strait jacket.

Akim Tamiroff's scene-stealing tricks are a constant source of irritation. In fact, Tamiroff once made the mistake of stealing a scene from himself. The scene was of the actor sitting at a desk smoking a cigar in "Disputed Passage." One of his tricks is to use his hands to divert attention away from other players. In this particular scene, Tamiroff forgot he was alone in front of the camera and diverted attention away from himself to his cigar, which he manipulated about in his fingers at arm's length.

Playing in so many football pictures probably gave Jack Oakie the habit of shoving people around in front of the camera to steal scenes and give direc-



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tors permanent cases of the jitters.

But Oakie finally met his mettle recently while working in a scene with 975-pound Elsie, "oomph" cow imported from the New York World's Fair for an important role in "Little Men."

"When you shove Elsie," cracked Oakie, "she just stands there."

Victor McLaglen and Eddie Lowe considerably increased Hollywood's headache tablet consumption by trying to upstage each other when they were being co-starred in those Quirk-Flagg comedies.

On one occasion, so the story goes, Lowe walked out of the camera's range, off the set and was halfway to the studio commissary before anyone could stop him.

DIRECTORS assigned to Charles Laughton's pictures continually are faced with the problem of trying to blend the actor's infernal rhetoric into the motion-picture medium.

Laughton loves rhetoric and no one who has ever seen him hold an audience spellbound could wonder why. But no matter how sonorous and powerful a speech, Laughton is willing—albeit regrettably—to cut it short if he can be shown that it is going to slow up the action. But he has to be shown and that takes some pretty good salesmanship on the part of the director.

Charles Laughton also likes to steal scenes whenever he can. During filming of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," Laughton persisted in stomping his feet while Thomas Mitchell was reading some important dialogue. In defense and desperation, Mitchell finally started to twirl a rifle above his own head. Laughton immediately complained, saying:

"Mitchell is stealing the scene with that rifle. Somebody stop him."

"It's easier than that," replied Mitchell. "Just stop stomping your feet and the picture can continue."

A thoroughly embarrassed Charles Laughton stopped stomping his feet.

Al Jolson's aversion to drafts (not the kind you are reading about in the headlines these days) and his ability to detect them, have been the source of a raging fever to directors ever since his film debut way back in 1928. Let Jolson smell a draft on a motion-picture set and he'll turn the set, and the studio, upside down if necessary finding out where it is coming from and eliminating it. More than once I have walked onto a sound stage where Jolson was working and found padded-up newspapers stuffed into cracks around doors, or Jolson in the act of stuffing rags into air vents near his dressing room. You can imagine how a director feels when Jolson goes around tracking down drafts instead of studying his script.

Norma Shearer and her directors have their moments, too. During the production of and after the completion of a picture, Miss Shearer goes alone to a studio projection room and watches her-

self act. She has the film run several times and makes voluminous notes of scenes she does not like and changes that should be made. Her secretary types these out and sends them to the director. Everything Norma Shearer demands she gets because during her marriage to Irving Thalberg, she learned more about box-office values than any other star in Hollywood.

Miss Shearer also demands, and gets, extra bright lighting of herself on the set—a frequent source of irritation to fellow players and directors. Because of this overbright lighting, other members of the cast of "The Women" appeared always to be standing in the shadows. Someone remarked: "This picture should be retitled 'Norma Shearer and Her Ethiopians.'"

Directors assigned to films starring Marlene Dietrich or Loretta Young secretly gnash their teeth because the stars spend so much time in front of mirrors.

Up until a second before the director calls for action, you can always find Miss Dietrich or Miss Young primping before mirrors. In fact, Miss Young has a special, full-length mirror built on wheels which always is kept just outside of camera range. Even while working in a scene, she steals glances at herself in the mirror.

BOTH stars fret the most over their hair.

Miss Young worries about its arrangement, Miss Dietrich whether it contains the correct amount of gold dust. She wears the dust in her hair to glamorize it and too much or too little seems to make a great deal of difference. All of which is pretty trying at times to directors pledged to studio front offices to bring pictures in on schedule.

The ad lib kings of Hollywood—John Barrymore and W. C. Fields—alternately are pains in the neck and fair-haired boys to film directors. When a comedy sequence needs a little "oomph" to put it over with the audience, the Barrymore and Fields type of ad lib wins congratulatory back slaps for the directors.

But when the action of the film turns serious and ad libs are substituted for important story-device dialogue, the director winds up in the doghouse.

The toughest assignment for any Hollywood director is to wake up some morning and find himself directing the Marx Brothers. It's a job absolutely guaranteed to leave any sober man with a perpetual hangover. Although their comedies are the tops, the Marx Brothers are as dependable as nine-day-old puppies. They arrive on the set whenever they please, wander off when they please and go home when they please.

They are always either rewriting the script or rewriting what they have rewritten. After rewriting what they have rewritten, they forget all of it and ab-lib entire scenes.

Maybe that's why their comedies are the tops. But they leave directors spinning like tops.

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Cutie-Puss

(Continued from page 47)

the lines of the part he was letting her play and gave them to her verbally. She was a quick study. In ten minutes she was letter perfect. He crouched over a bucket and fed her her cues.

Bunny tried to give him the reading with intelligence and aplomb, but right in the middle of it she lost her voice and stared at him in consternation. For a strange and unbelievable thing was taking place. Bunny Stanwood was having stage fright.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I don't know—I—" She swallowed and steadied herself. "Let's start again."

They got through it this time and Bunny looked at him doubtfully.

"Wooden," he said.

They went through it once more and this time her efforts were rewarded by an ironic smile. "It's hard to keep the business out. You'd better work on that for a while."

He drove the limousine off the washing floor and brought a sedan and polished it up, then tackled a coupe. Between times he labored with Bunny. He taught her dozens of things about acting which she had never heard before—such trivial things it was a wonder anybody ever bothered to think them up. But he said they were frightfully important. He had her playing the part for comedy, for heartbreak, with the head thrown back, or the shoulders bowed, in slowed-down tempos, or fast and mad.

"Just feeling around," he explained. "The part itself doesn't matter much. But you do, my dear. I'll tell you something. Back there, just once, something almost sparkled."

Her eyes got bigger and brighter. "Shall we try again?"

Then she gave him a queer look, groped toward him and started to wilt on the concrete floor.

She caught herself before he reached her, stiffened her shoulders. "I—felt funny—for a minute—"

"Do you know how long you've been hammering at me?" he complained. "Hours! And I can't take it like I used to."

"But, Johnny—"

"Look," he said. "You're going to bed."

He took her back under the shed, where a big, polished sedan was parked. He hurled a heavy, warm auto robe at her, slammed the door and left her.

And the next thing she knew it was gray outside and somebody was smiling at her through the open car door.

She fussed with her hair and smiled the sleep out of her eyes. "Good morning, Johnny," she said. . . .

The lunch wagon by the railway station was the only place in town that catered to early birds. Johnny and Bunny camped on a pair of high stools, amid sizzling sounds and hot steamy smells, and soaked it in. He gave their order, "two javas and stacks," and she didn't care what it meant as long as it was breakfast.

He staked out the lunch wagon's morning newspaper and ignored her. And she waited meekly. Her cakes came and she smeared them with oleomargarine and thick molasses and mopped up the plate. She gulped down the stone mug of so-called coffee and felt relaxed and friendly.

Johnny rolled a cigarette and went back to his newspaper.

"Johnny!"

"Huh?" he grunted and kept his nose buried.

She batted the newspaper out of his hand. "What are you going to do about that contract?"

With that he grinned and reached for the checks.

They walked up the street and peeked in the inn. The night clerk was corked off in an easy chair and no sign of the proprietor. They risked it and slipped through to the writing room.

Bunny's father had always made her read her contracts and Johnny was a law graduate. Between them they had more than a smattering of legal-theatrical terminology. They drew up the contract on Danville Inn letterheads and made it as airtight as most big agreements usually are.

With the legal details attended to, they went back to the theater. Nobody was stirring at that hour. They went down a flight of iron steps and rummaged in the property room. Here they found an old mattress and dug out a pair of heavy velvet drapes. They lugged it all to an empty basement dressing room and made a bed on the floor.

"Finish out your sleep," he ordered. "You've got a big day ahead."

Bunny smiled. "Johnny, you're sweet!"

"Baloney!" he said and stalked out of the room.

It sounded as though somebody were rolling hot cannon balls down winding iron staircases. And it needed something like that to wake Bunny up. She batted her eyes and got her bearings. Then she left her lonely pallet and put on the only clothes she had. She dabbed her face in a chilly wash basin, then she rushed upstairs.

The stage was full of people, about half of them strangers. It couldn't be a rehearsal. Bunny halted in the wings and stared. It looked more like a jam session. Or a jim-jam session.

Little white-moustached Pop Carstairs had backed a grand piano against the stage and was whamming the keyboard, giving out hot. Smythe-Crewes and Della Dale and a guy with a silver trumpet had gone into a huddle, hitting treble-alto arpeggios and B-flat riffs, while a goatlike gentleman in overalls and a buxom blonde rocked the chorus and got off a knock-about, chair-leaping, breakdown dance.

Downstage a couple of men mountains were hurling fifty-pound dumbbells at each other, yelling, "Hi!"

As Bunny looked anxiously around, Cissy Bolingsbroke came staggering out of one of the stage-level dressing rooms and set a huge steaming kettle on the prompt table.

"Oh!" she said and tossed Bunny a brittle smile. "I heard you were back."

Bunny felt so lonesome and out of things, she forgot to bear grudges. "What is it?" she asked.

"It smells like an oldtime goulash."

"I mean the mob scene," said Bunny.

"They're angels doubling for you."

Cissy was at her silkiest. "Since you turned out to be such common clay."

"This time we got the whole heavenly choir." Joe Brandsdell, the light comic, barged up with a three-gallon pot of coffee.

"But who are they?" persisted Bunny.

"Old-time, out-of-work vaudeville stars," said Joe. "They live around here so's to be near Mac."

"The strong men run the town's bill-posting business," said Cissy. "The guy in overalls is the janitor over at the Bijou."

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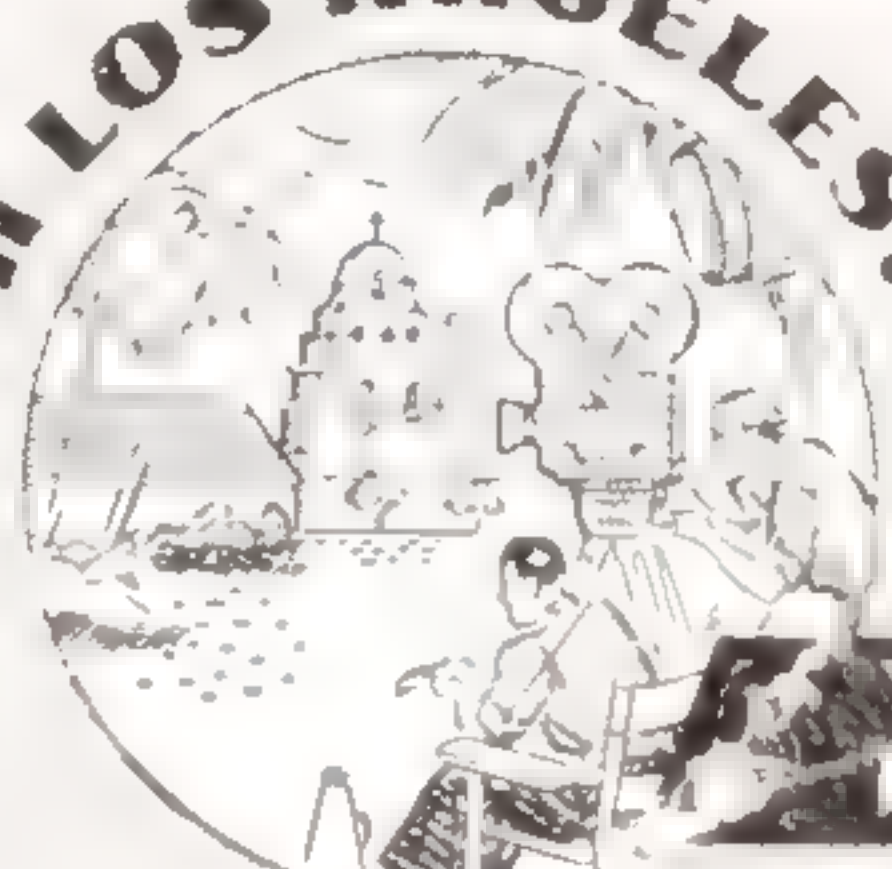
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"The lady on the piano keeps a chicken farm," said Joe. "You ought to have seen her pull up at the stage door this morn-
ing, with the rear end of her truck
crowing and cackling."

"Most of 'em are in business and have
savings socked away," Cissy explained.
"When they heard Mac was in a financial
jam, they rallied. In other words, they're
putting up the money you welched on."

She handed Bunny a couple of soup
plates ladeled full of goulash. "Pass 'em
around, dear."

"Take your thumbs out of them
mulligans!" somebody yelled in Bunny's
ear.

It was the Bijou Theater janitor. He
snatched the plates, shoved one at his
big blonde dancing partner, gave the
other to the trumpet player. Then he
grabbed Bunny around the waist and
started stepping again.

She stiffened and tried to hold back,
but the guy wouldn't let her. He had a
middle-aged face and a schoolboy's body.
And he could dance. Taps, buck-and-
swing, eccentric stuff—Bunny was sud-
denly caught up in the throb of sound
and movement. She began to follow,
to cut loose a little.

"We were the best song and dance
team in the business, Marty and Mabel,"
Bunny's partner introduced himself. "Re-
member?" But before she could answer,
he was yelling with excitement. "Mabel
—look at the kid!"

He was doing some intricate weaving
and Bunny was with him by now, catch-
ing the spirit, laughing, sticking in some
fancy footwork of her own.

Cissy Bolingsbroke butted in and broke
up the new dance team. "Here, give
these to the boys in the stage box."

Bunny looked across the theater and
saw Johnny and Gil and MacIntyre
sprawled in the plush seats.

She fetched mulligans for Mac and Gil
and then brought two more for Johnny
and herself.

AN impassioned discussion was under
way and none of the three even
looked at Bunny. Johnny seemed ter-
ribly upset over something and Gil ap-
peared to be in actual physical anguish.

"But how can we?" Gil almost had
to shout to make himself heard above the
racket. "It's a serious drama!"

"Son," said Mac, "there's nothing so
serious it can't be fixed."

"But hoofers' dumb acts—low comics!"
Johnny was expostulating. "How could
we possibly cue them in?"

"They've been laying off ever since
vaudeville folded up," Mac looked as
though he were about to break down
sobbing, "just eating their hearts out—
poor little devils."

"I know how they feel!" said Bunny
warmly.

Johnny and Gil stared at her sharply,
but she went on polishing her plate.

"But we couldn't cast 'em!" Gil ex-
ploded. "Good heavens! How can we?"

"They have faith in your play, boys,"
Mac munched his cigar and looked re-
proachful. "That's why they all want
to be in it."

"Yes and they're risking their savings!"
said Bunny.

"Will you keep out of this?" asked
Johnny.

She watched the horseplay on the
stage and it choked her up, just seeing
everybody so happy after they had been
so unhappy all these years. She felt a
sudden fellowship for all of them—a
professional kinship of like for like.

"Look!" she said suddenly. "You're al-
ways talking about slabs of life." She
pointed with her soup spoon. "They've
been eating their hearts out and—well,
look at 'em now!"

THE harried look on Johnny's face gave
way to a distorted grin. "All right,
Cutie-Puss! And as an ambitious young
artiste maybe you'd like to work with a
couple of strong men."

"Why not?" said Bunny.

Mac reached over to pat Bunny's knee.
"Didn't I tell you? The kid's an actress."

"A handkerchief tosser for a couple of
dummies!" sneered Gil. "If you call that
an actress."

Mac was beaming. "A handkerchief
toss—sure. Just what we need to dress
up the boys' routine—a shapely dame like
my sweetheart here, in her little pink
tights."

He turned to yell at the strong men.
"Banty—Mouse—"

The two athletes came over, ponder-
ously.

"Meet your new partner." Mac had
his arm around Bunny.

The men-mountains ducked their heads
and shook hands, taking turns bear-trap-
ping Bunny's paw.

"I got one!" said Johnny caustically.

"Pleased to meet yuh," said Banty and
Mouse.

A number of people had just come in
from the stage door. Mostly girls. They
were tiny things, all with matching,
honey-colored hair, all of them carrying
shabby suitcases.

"Hello," said Mac. Then he caught
sight of the squat-built, gnomelike man
who appeared to be the escort. "If it
isn't—" Mac rubbed his eyes. "Why,
Charlie Hix—you son-of-a-gun!"

Mr. Hix waddled over to pump Mac's
hand. "We were hooked in one of your
Danville roadhouses. An' what do you
think? A clean little tease act and the
mayor won't let us. He says there's an
ordinance in this town—"

"I know," said Mac. "It's a non-strip
town. You can't take 'em off here."

"We heard you were putting on a show
and we thought maybe—"

"Can they hoof?" asked Mac.

"Can they—?" Mr. Hix simply didn't

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have the words. "He asks me, can they hoof?"

"All right," said Mac. "We can use 'em in our chorus."

"Chorus!" echoed Gil Gilroy and stumbled drunkenly out of the stage box. "What chorus are you talking about?"

Nobody paid any attention to him.

"What's their name?" Mac asked.

"Seven Little Striplings," said Mr. Hix.

"Come on in, girls!" Mac seemed more like a clucking old hen today. He had room for everybody under his sheltering wing.

The seven striplings hung back, shy-eyed, pathetically young, as wary as quail.

"Don't be scared, kids," Mac welcomed them. "We're little schoolhouses together—" He was suddenly popping off with inspiration. "That ordinance says you can't take 'em off in Danville. But it doesn't say you can't put 'em on. So when the drop tears loose, we discover seven bashful, frightened striplings, with their little stockings and shoes and what-sies scattered in front of our woodland set. Maybe they've been swimming . . . and they put on their 'put-'em-on tease.' How's that for a twist?"

"Gee!" said Bunny.

It was thrilling to be associated with a showman who combusted spontaneously the way Mac did. And the others, too—they were so funny and friendly and happy-go-lucky, it would take a pretty hardhearted person to deliberately disappoint them or hurt their feelings. She glanced at Johnny to see if he weren't beginning to look at it that way, too.

But he just sat there, slumped in his seat.

"You want me to say something?" she asked.

"No," he said. "No!"

"If I were you and Gil, I'd write a few more characters into 'High Olympus,'" said Bunny, "so we'll all have work."

MAYBE Johnny and Gil weren't so hardhearted after all. Anyhow, they succumbed in the end and tried to re-write.

That evening Gil came to the parking lot and while Johnny washed cars the collaborators put their dazed heads together.

Bunny was there, too. Johnny gave her a sponge and a chamois and she was supposed to polish windshields and windows. He promised her seventy-five cents for helping and while it was by no means the first money she ever earned, she felt as proud as though it were. She also would have been glad to collaborate on the play, but they froze her out.

This was Tuesday. The boys toyed with the idea of a flood in New Jersey and a barnstorming theatrical troupe stormbound in the Pennsylvania Station, but it didn't click.

On Wednesday morning Bunny spent her hard-earned six bits for a suit of blue jumpers and a red bandana to wind around her head.

That evening the boys changed their locale to a Long Island summer colony and tried to fit a crowd of paid entertainers into a swanky lawn party without losing the flavor of "High Olympus"—but decided it was pretty tripey.

Thursday morning Bunny asked for an advance on her wages and bought a pair of boy-size, flat-heeled brogues, for knocking around in.

Friday night came around and Johnny and Gil had got so desperate they actually thought of writing in a carnival company at a state fair . . . This was before Gil started to scream.

"I can't go on! It's mad! It's stupid!

I'm going nuts!"

Bunny dropped her sponge. "You want me to say something?" she asked.

"If you say anything more tonight," said Johnny, "I'll stick your head in that bucket!"

"If I were you and Gil," she said, "I'd boil the play down to fifteen minutes and let Mac go hog-wild with the rest of the show."

"I'm warning you!" said Johnny.

"Mac told me yesterday," she quoted the great authority, "that some of the finest theatrical productions the world ever saw were fifteen-minute vaudeville sketches. You've got to work fast—"

Johnny was soaking the mud off an automobile wheel, without using the nozzle. He simply turned the hose and let Bunny have it in the face.

She staggered backwards as the stream hit and splashed. It went under her bib and down the front of her shirt. It spurted in her mouth and soaked her bandana.

"Why—you—!" She coughed out a mouthful of water and glared. Then she picked up the bucket of water to souse him right back.

But he was a little too quick for her. He dropped the hose, caught her wrist, wrenched the pail out of her hand. The water spilled and Bunny got the icy bucketful down the front of her overalls. She let out a shivering gasp and then—well, sir, she didn't know quite how it all came about and she was sure that Johnny didn't either—they were in each other's arms, Bunny clinging tighter and tighter, all sopping wet and bursting with happiness, while Johnny sort of crooned over her.

"Cutie-Puss—you darling—you stoop—you darned little idiot—"

WHY don't you save it for the last-act curtain?" asked Gil from the side lines.

The cynical note seemed to jar Johnny back to normal. He broke out of the clutch and furiously began giving Bunny her orders. "Get back to the theater—you get out of those clothes!"

"But Johnny—" She gave herself back to him, fully prepared for an encore, but there was nothing more doing.

"Do you want to get down sick?" Johnny demanded. "You want me to have to take care of you?"

"Yes!" Bunny dimpled.

"And take that pout off your puss!" Johnny reached for the hose.

Bunny gave him a brisk little salute and trotted away in her squadding shoes.

She went back to the theater, walking high, as though to music. If Gil hadn't been there, Johnny would have kissed her. She knew it. Everything inside her told her that. Johnny Morrison, he would have kissed her. . . .

She hurried across the stage, downstairs to her dressing room. Thank goodness she had a room to herself. It wasn't much, but it was still hers. She lighted the light and stepped back abruptly. Somebody was rolled up in draperies, sleeping on Bunny's mattress.

It was a girl—a golden head. Bunny stared for an instant and then let out a couple of frozen sounds. "Nat! What the—Natalie Irwin!"

Bunny has met a lot of crises since she left Hollywood, but the situation brought on by Nat's sudden arrival is the hardest one yet. How can she possibly avoid detection now that her "front" at school has left? You'll never believe that such a trick as Bunny thinks up can be carried through until you read your February Photoplay combined with MOVIE MIRROR.

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Resolutions The Stars Should Make

(Continued from page 28)

remember that Canada was her birthplace and help out at some of the British Red Cross benefit shows, also Community Chest programs. Both countries have been most generous—or isn't it cricket to mention it?

Edgar Bergen should let Charlie star alone in a comedy-mystery picture. Animate the little fellow, make him articulate. In other words, be heard but not seen, Edgar . . . Charlie Chaplin should let the dictators be tragedians if they must. Let him revive his original formula. The cacophony of bursting bombs and crying children of the newsreel drowns out too many laughs in his latest picture!

Marlene Dietrich should see what the boys in the back room will have, and give it to them.

Reginald Gardiner should swear never to m.c. a show as replete with actors trying to be amateurs as the Revue we had foisted upon us in the name of charity. Weed 'em out, Reggie. If they can't hoof, don't let 'em. Where was your British sense of fairness?

Donald Meek should hammer down Warners' gates until they let him do "Dear Brutus," the Barrie play they own. A natural for him!

Frederick Bartholomew should pray to heaven and Aunt Cissie never to do anything like he did in Charlot's Revue again. But try, Freddie, to make "Young Woodley" this year.

Fred Astaire should resolve with Ginger Rogers to be teamed again in the type of stuff that made them famous. And speaking of teams, keep Lucille Ball and Director Dorothy Arzner together. They struck oil in 1940 . . . So be it!—that Madeleine Carroll's resolution be accepted unanimously and that she be sent home to personally look after her orphans and her flyer, which she's been anguishing to do

LET Claudette Colbert refuse loan-outs to other studios and remain on her own lot where they do right by her! . . . I omit even a hint to Paulette Goddard—she can take care of herself any time—anywhere.

Bill Holden should fight for Mamoulian

to direct him in another picture, no foolin' . . . Bob Hope's No. 1 determination should be to hold on to Mack Millar, his exploitation man, who's guided him around some pretty deep pitfalls.

Bing Crosby, since he begat his own 'Barbershop Quartette,' should put 'em all in a picture and allow the world to see and hear them sing. What a "family affair" that would be—wow! And would the Hardys and Aldriches be furious!

Definitely make up your mind, Ronnie Colman, to give us two pictures a year from now on . . . Irene Dunne should stick to those soft hair-dos and insist on leading men the age of her hands . . . Resolve, Bill Gargan, to hitch your station wagon to a star part and don't let anyone shake you loose from that idea

Cary Grant should remain single and never be allowed to ham up another historic drama.

Charles Laughton should give us another English king . . . And listen, Carole Lombard, the gods smiled when they made you—why do you want to glare back? Shake off your tears and calico and dive back into chiffon and comedy where you belong. The world needs more laughter . . . Raymond Massey, you'd better make up your mind to deflate your ego on January first. It will be less painful than having others do it. They won't always be diplomatic about your Abraham Lincoln, you know.

I digress a snip, but Cecil B. De Mille was once a star and he should make a resolution to give just one salute to the real director of the Lux Radio Theater, and do it.

STOP underestimating that sarong, Dottie. Remember, dearie, it may have kept you cool, but it kept your public hot! . . . Let Oscar Levant set this one to music—that he never take a lesson in acting, keep his feet firmly on the ground, his head up and his mouth open . . . Dick Powell ought to remember that his voice put him where he is today and stop yowling to the moon about not singing, but accept any good part he can grab, whether it be singing or acting.

Ginger Rogers should remember that

WELCOME BERNARR MACFADDEN



Personal appearance: Bernarr Macfadden, the Publisher of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, on an "Americanism" lecture tour from coast to coast, is met at Burbank by the Mayor of Los Angeles, Fletcher Bowron

she got top price as a blonde and resolve to let Hedy and Joan lead the brunette field. Also by now she should have acquired a sufficient patina of poise to accept constructive criticism as well as compliments in her stride. The pen is mightier than the sword, Ginger, and can dig more dirt than a shovel! . . . Orson Welles should build up a fund for his own future instead of making all the supporting members of his cast independently rich. Yes, it's more blessed to give than to receive, but even Orson can grow old.

Humphrey Bogart might decide to become a member of the FBI. He's had training enough in the pictures to give him a good start toward eligibility . . . Let Gary Cooper determine to get into a Frank Capra picture every year. There's an alchemy between them that gilds even the lily. Anent this guy Capra—he didn't have to be reminded that Jimmy Gleason is a fine actor.

This is a supplication, not a resolution. Please, oh, Lord, let Olivia de Havilland forget that she ever played *Melanie* and cure her of the attack of "cutes" it brought on.

SUGGEST Ida Lupino take up the study of the guillotine and use it, if she gets anything less than a gutty role . . . I could advise lots of people to try to live up to their publicity, or have their publicity scaled down to their living, but let it go for Ann Sheridan . . . Won't Herbert Marshall pledge allegiance to our flag, so he'll be with us always? . . . And for Wayne Morris, I wish he'd definitely forget the Bubbles episode and look for real happiness. But take your time, Wayne.

Resolved to put Paul Muni on the same plane with Freddie March for "their Broadway," leaving a good part available for Bob Montgomery and perhaps a whiz-bang radio show for Frank Morgan . . . And speaking of good pictures, get busy, Pat O'Brien, and howl until you get another "Front Page." I'll howl with you, if it will do any good.

George Raft should keep teaming with Cagney. They work well in double-

harness, but he should forget romantic parts . . . Marjorie Rambeau should thank the Lord that our producers have again "discovered" she's a fine actress and never let them forget it . . . Rosalind Russell should be given a chance at romantic roles. She should definitely stop kicking and scratching in every picture, or she'll be rubber-stamped without a kick left in her—and she's too good to be wasted. Go on—kick back, Roz, but not on the screen!

And John Barrymore, make them give you a part worthy of you. It will be less tiring than playing the jackass most of the time. But the bread you cast upon the waters will return to you angel food cake with pink icing, if you're given a good part . . . Linda Darnell should insist upon being groomed slowly—aged in the wood, so to speak. A sure comer, if treated gently!

We could take another "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and so could Alice Faye, after her "Lillian Russell"—so resolve, Alice, resolve! . . . Joint decision for Betty Grable and Charlotte Greenwood: Now they've got their second wind, let them make it a hurricane . . . Dean Jagger, defy Hollywood to take from us the Christ-like spirit you've brought to the screen. Get them to give you "Passing of the Third Floor Back," the play Sir Forbes Robertson made famous. Its philosophy is badly needed today. No more "Brigham Youngs"—without the wives.

Now about Ty Power, he'd better insist on younger parts—for which he's fitted. If he persists in playing old men, we may take him at his studio's evaluation.

And Wally Beery, who's already proved his love for children by adopting two, should make a resolution to foster his own orphanage. What a privilege it would be to see the happiness his millions would bring in his declining years by providing shelter and love for little children! It is to them, remember, that we must look for the restoration of Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men, so open your hearts to them and give—and you'll have a Happy New Year!

The New Mystery of Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin

(Continued from page 57)

dancing together were watched by hundreds of eager eyes in several night clubs. Their absorbed interest in one another's conversation was observed in this secluded corner and that. And the fact that Charlie, who is something of a hermit now, came out of his secluded estate and appeared at a few night clubs, without Paulette, was also noted.

There matters stood in late October when "The Great Dictator" was set to open both in New York and Hollywood and when Paulette did her disappearing act. She was neither in New York nor Hollywood. (Charlie was in New York, having left Hollywood.) Litvak was out of town, too.

This confirmed the whole situation for both sets of rumor reporters. Charlie had dropped Paulette and Paulette had dropped Charlie and the opening of "The Great Dictator" would be a frost because of it.

That was when the press agents of Warners and United Artists and Paramount all got busy. That was when the wires buzzed and the cables sang and the newspaper press stood waiting for headlines.

So what happened? On the opening night of "The Great Dictator," on Broadway, Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin

stepped out to acknowledge the crowd's applause. With him he brought a beautiful girl, Miss Paulette Goddard, his co-star. He presented her to the audience.

"This is my wife," said Mr. Chaplin.

Paulette said nothing, as usual. She smiled that warm and siren smile of hers, as usual. But it was noted when she started back a day or two later to the Coast—without "the great dictator"—that she wore a large and resplendent new diamond solitaire, a reward, it was whispered, for her New York trek. Charlie was to follow her shortly, but presently the plan changed and he was detained in the East.

When the news got back to Hollywood, several of the town's leading ladies chewed off their long fingernails in sheer aggravation. It was exactly like reading an installment of a serial in a magazine only to have it say "continued next week" just as one got into the most exciting chapter.

For, of course, this does mark the close of another chapter in the mystery mix-up of Paulette and Charlie. And it does mean that the story will be continued. You know perfectly well that with such a dynamic beautiful heroine, a genius hero and a debonair, unattached "other man," it is bound to be.

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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Your Problems—and Hollywood's Best Answer

(Continued from page 35)

probably drink, then neck. When I was at college, the girl I enjoyed most was a wonder at swimming and tennis. If you ever thought of her romantically it was in terms of marriage."

That is about the highest compliment a woman can receive and she doesn't get it by putting a cheap value on herself

MAY ROBSON had just come from speaking at a sorority luncheon. She had on a corsage of gardenias and a sassy blue hat to match a spanking new winter outfit.

"Funny, those girls asked me questions about the same things we're talking about now. And I told 'em the fundamental female tricks of getting and holding a man hadn't changed much in sixty years!

"You can't beat being warm and friendly and sincere to capture a man's attention. I watched a young thing put on an act the other night for a man she'd just met and I could have told her her technique was all wrong. She was being very Bright and Gay; the old business of showing him how popular she was. He walked away . . . Another girl tried the 'Iceberg Annie' act, an aloof, weary woman of the world. He wasn't at all impressed. But the girl he took into supper—and later took home—was a friendly little redhead who was as interested in trout fishing as he was. (Or at least you'd have thought she was!)

"It's our fate, our message in life if you like, but we women have to be interested in what our husbands and sweethearts are. If he's musical, talk music. Read up on it like mad. My husband happened to be a doctor. For thirty-three years I was just as much interested in his cases as he was in my roles. Besides that we had a lot of interests together. I mean like collecting a library and raising some fool cocker spaniel pups that were the cutest things you ever saw."

To hold a man May Robson says: *Keep tidy, keep nice.*

"You'll find that where a couple have been married happily for years the wife may not be beautiful, but she is sweet and cleanly and tidy. A girl like that gets a man much more quickly than one who rhumbas every night!"

If you want to attract more interesting men you have to build up your own resources, May points out. Nobody gets far sitting in a corner and exuding appeal. They dance well or talk well and you know they've taken the trouble to be informed on a good many subjects. "Why," said May, "the girl who is good in three specialties, like bridge and entertaining and badminton, has three times the chance of making more friends! And she'll certainly have a lot more men to choose from"

At the sorority luncheon she'd attended, May was speaking about the chaperones of her day. One of the girls, with a sly twinkle, said, "Maybe you needed it in those days!"

May chuckled in recalling the incident. "She was right! Maybe we did. But it simplified things considerably. A man knew you couldn't very well go in for petting with an eagle-eyed dowager parked beside you! Girls today have the bigger problem."

There was a young woman in May's company once who handled the situation with marked finesse. She kept a man amused, made him laugh, played his game, but kept her kisses as something special. If he was lucky enough to get one, he knew it really meant something.

"The kiss in company never hurts," said May. "It's the furtive private kissing that does. It excites emotions that should not be excited. If the boy insists on it, look around for other dates! Hurt his feelings. Have some spunk! In fact, if you have a fierce young pride you are much more likely to intrigue men! A man may think he wants a girl who goes in for promiscuous petting, but he tires of her and is searching for greener pastures before the next moon."

LINDA DARNELL is 18. She's facing an 18-year-old's problems, which are exactly the same in Hollywood as they are anywhere else in the world. Says Linda, "I'm not a prude, but I have never kissed a boy off the screen. I don't intend to until I'm in love."

It reminded me of a remark I heard one of Hollywood's most eligible males make about Linda the other day. "Somehow," he said, "that girl arouses all a man's gallantry. You want to protect her, see that she's safe, cared for . . ." And this, mind you, from a man who is known for his sophistication!

As Linda says, men usually treat a girl as she expects them to treat her. And that goes from their first meeting on. "If," declared Linda, "you don't have any of the ordinary chances to meet the boy you like, surely one of your girl friends knows him. Go into a huddle with her, have her invite him to a party at her house. There, under the best possible circumstances, you will be introduced quite casually. But make it casual! I mean, let the boy think that you're his discovery."

In other words, the chasing-after-him system is out. Linda and her crowd say a girl's cue today is to be as genuine as real silk—and as smooth. No cattiness, no airs.

To make him stick around harder than glue in winter two things are absolutely essential. "Learn how to fall in with his likes and dislikes . . . with the things he enjoys . . . the places he likes to go," advised Linda. "And the next step is to go into a conference with your mother. Try to make your home a spot that he loves to come to. Back home in Texas and even here in Hollywood, Mother always has a platter of fried chicken and a fresh chocolate cake ready on Sunday night for anybody I want to entertain. And if you don't think that helps! Any night I'm not working we can roll up the rugs and dance to the radio. Or we play backgammon. Twosome games are a lot of fun. If you let your parents in on what you want to do, they're pretty good sports about making the boy welcome.

"But I don't believe in so-called 'necking' at all. To me, kisses are a part of real love and real love is a part of being engaged and married. So, until that time comes, I'm reserving the kisses!"

"To the girl who thinks she's in danger of losing her boy friend unless she necks I can only say this: Any boy who insists on it isn't worth having! If he's more interested in kissing some girl than he is in waiting for you, then I'd just let him go. I've heard plenty of boys talk on this subject—some of them without knowing that I was listening—and I've found them making a game of their conquests in the art of petting. They made it quite plain that the girl who kissed them the first time they ask leaves only one impression: That she would have kissed any boy who happened along.

"Maybe my ideas on kissing are the

result of my views on marriage. I want to be able to go to the man I love and let him know that I've been saving myself for him . . . It seems to me that every girl, once she finds true love, would like to be able to capture the real thrill of kissing a man for the first time.

"I realize that many girls my age, and some even younger, are going to laugh at my reactions to the subject. They are liable to say that I'm being terribly prissy on a subject that isn't serious at all. But that viewpoint merely proves that they have already dulled the edge of romance by letting too many boys kiss them. And I think those same girls will wish someday that they had looked upon kissing as a part of love and not part of just-a-date."

Are you interested in this modern-type discussion? If you are—and have something on your mind, just write in to Your Problem Dept., Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City. Your particular problem may be of such universal appeal that it will be the subject for discussion in the near future by a board of Hollywood favorites.

Kitty Foyle
(Continued from page 43)

background," Wyn remarked, taking my hand, "but . . . Kitty, will you marry me?"

Remember, I thought, those were the words you expected him to say once before? But instead, he'd only offered to give you money until you got a job.

I shook my head.

"No, dear," I said.

"Don't you love me?"

"Yes. Very much."

"But you won't marry me?"

"Nope. Look dear, we're happy now, this minute, aren't we? Can you tell me why?"

"Because we love each other. Because we're together—"

"No," I told him. "That's not it. It's because we aren't in Philadelphia. In New York we're happy," I said. But not in Philadelphia. Everywhere else we're just two people in love. But in Philadelphia you're the Main Line and I'm Griscom Street. Griscom Street could stand it, but—not the Main Line."

I felt as if I were Pop talking. But Pop was right. He knew.

"And is that all?" Wyn asked.

"Well, we're the same color, if that's what you mean."

He turned back to the musicians. "Boys. Enough of that 'Vienna Woods' music. Play 'The Sidewalks of New York.'" And when they'd started he nodded complacently. "It's all fixed, Kitty. That's our theme song now. We're New Yorkers—both of us."

"Are you kidding, Wyn?"

"No, darling," he said softly. "I mean it. I wish you weren't so right about—about all that in Philadelphia—but you are. So that's the end of it. This is where we live—in New York, where we'll be happy."

"I'm happy already," I said. "So happy I can't tell you how much."

AND so we were married. Mr. and Mrs. Wynnewood Strafford, the Sixth. I read it over and over on the register of the little hotel where we went in Gretna Green. There's no use denying it, those two days were just about perfect. But then we went back to Philadelphia to meet Wyn's family and tell them Wyn was going to live in New York. With me.

I'd met Mrs. Strafford, Wyn's mother, when I was working with him on the

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True Story

magazine. She was lovely—tall and graceful, with white hair like the kind you see in advertisements and a manner so sweet it scared you to death. But at least I knew her, which was more than I could say for myself when it came to the collection of relatives who were in the drawing room of the Strafford mansion when we arrived—Aunt Jessica, an older edition of Mrs. Strafford. Uncle Edgar, fat and comfortable Grandmother Wynnewood, about 90, and Uncle Kennett, who was an old Quaker banker and knew, Wyn said, only three words, "thee," "thou" and "no."

Mrs. Strafford came over and took my hand and said, "It's so nice to see you again, Miss Foyle."

Wyn got up his courage and said: "The fact is, Mother, the name isn't Foyle any more. It's—it's Strafford. Kitty and I are married."

I COULDN'T tell whether Mrs. Strafford was going to faint or fight. Kennett's paper fell to his lap and he coughed. Grandmother Wynnewood simply stared at us as if she'd never in all her life heard anything so scandalous.

They all recovered, though, and for a while I thought things were going off very well. Then Grandmother Wynnewood said in a loud clear voice:

"But I thought you were going to send her to school first!"

"Mother!" Mrs. Strafford said reprovingly. Then, to me, "Wyn had already told us how much he loves you and we couldn't have been happier, for his sake."

"They could have the Darby Mill cottage," Aunt Jessica said. "It's just been redecorated."

Grandmother Wynnewood refused to be quieted. "I thought he was going to wait a year!" she trumpeted.

"You understand, of course, that above everything else we want you and Wyn to be happy," Mrs. Strafford said. "That's first and foremost in all our thoughts . . . isn't it?" she asked the others.

I'd had about enough of this backing and filling. "I don't want to seem rude," I said, "but would somebody mind telling me what you're all driving at?"

Wyn found his tongue again. "You see, honey, I promised that I wouldn't marry you for a year. Mother was going to—well, prepare you."

"Prepare me for what?"

"Oh—some school, some good finishing school—"

"School!" I said. "Are you kidding me?"

"It needn't be school," Mrs. Strafford said. "It can still be done. And later, when we have had an opportunity to acquaint you with our friends, we can have a proper wedding."

"And what do you call what we've just done?" I asked. "A rehearsal?" I knew, with a sort of sickish feeling, that Wyn wasn't going to tell them what we'd decided to do and I'd have to. "School is out—definitely," I said. "I'm a big girl now. Wyn and I are not going to live in

Philadelphia. You're not the only ones that want us to be happy and we wouldn't be happy here. I'm Grisco Street and he's the Main Line. In Philadelphia that's fatal—anywhere else in the world it doesn't make a nickel's worth of difference. And so that's where we're going to live—anywhere else in the world." I turned to Wyn. "Isn't that right, Wyn?" I asked.

"Of course it is, dear," he said uncomfortably, "but maybe we'd better talk things—"

"But Miss Foyle," Uncle Kennett broke in, "thou must realize that such a thing is impossible. The Strafford money is a trust fund, established by family wills. They provide that Wyn, when he takes unto himself a wife, shall reside in Darby Mill and shall assume his duties as an officer of the family bank. Those terms are irrevocable."

"And if Wyn refuses?" I demanded.

"In that case, his inheritance would pass into the family trust."

"So what?" I said. "So Wyn isn't rich any more. What is that to me? I didn't marry him for his money. I don't care if he hasn't a penny."

"But Miss Foyle, thou art not being quite reasonable about this," Uncle Kennett rumbled.

I exploded. "Says thou!"

"Miss Foyle! Thy temper!"

"Mr. Kennett," I said wildly, "thy foot! Let's get a few things straight. I didn't ask to marry the Straffords—a Strafford man asked to marry me! And I married a man, not an institution, or a trust fund! Oh, I've got a fine picture of your family conference here—trying to figure out how to take the curse off Kitty Foyle! Buy the girl a phony education and polish off the rough edges and make a Main Line doll out of her! You'd ought to know better! It takes six generations to make a bunch of people like you—and by Judas Priest I haven't got that much time!"

I COULDN'T stand any more, so I turned around and ran out of the room. I was just getting my hat and coat from the hall when Wyn came after me and edged me into the library—a room as big as Delphine Detaille's showroom, with oil paintings of stiff old Straffords hung on the walls.

"It's no good, Wyn." I was crying by this time. "They've got you under contract."

"I know, Kitty. But I'm going to keep my promise," Wyn said. "We're going to New York and live our own lives just as we planned."

"That means you'll lose your inheritance."

"Yes. But you don't care about money, do you?" he said.

"Not me. I've never had any. But Wyn, you don't know anything about not having it."

"I can learn," he said grimly. "Wait for me, Kitty. I'm going to go tell them and then I'll be right back."

But I didn't think Wyn could learn. I

HOLLYWOOD, BEWARE IN 1941!

See your February PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR for the sensational article in which—

the woman who predicted in 1939 that Tyrone Power would marry a girl he already knew (Annabella!); that Robert Taylor's period of public criticism was almost over and that his career would be bigger than ever ("Waterloo Bridge!"); that Alice Faye would have a marital upset (her divorce!)—now courageously foretells the good and the bad that 1941 holds for Hollywood's top stars!

didn't think he knew what it was like, living in a one-room apartment with a pull-down bed, eating in drugstores, going to movies once a week, trying to save a dollar or two on the side against the time he wouldn't have a job. After he left me I wandered around the room, looking at the pictures. Those people in the oil painting—they were Straffords and they didn't have any truck with Foyles.

"Take care of yourself, Wyn," I whispered to the room. "I can't do it any more."

And I got out of the room, out of the house, out of Philadelphia, before Wyn could find me and make me change my mind.

AFTER that, I went through the motions, but I really wasn't living at all. It isn't living when every time you hear a knock on the door you hope it's somebody you know isn't going to be there. When every time you walk down the street, you see a face in the crowd and for that funny little minute you think it might be the one you want to see. But it never is.

Delphine Detaille was pretty swell, I'll say that for her. She gave me my old job back, selling paint and powder to women they wouldn't do any good to; and in her French way she was kind and sympathetic. Mark Eisen came back, too. In fact, I found him outside the store, waiting for me, on the same day I got my divorce decree. (You'd be surprised how easily a divorce can be arranged when all the Straffords are in there fighting.)

Mark didn't hold it against me that I hadn't kept our date together—the date we'd made for the night I was married. I'd forgotten all about it when I saw Wyn.

He said, "You don't have to explain, Kitty. The girls in the apartment where you live told me how it was."

Then he let me know quietly that he loved me and hoped that someday I'd forget Wyn and be ready to love him.

It should have been a comfort to know he was standing by, ready to help me. But I was too dazed and unhappy just then to appreciate his goodness.

A few days later I didn't feel very well and I went to see a doctor—not Mark, another doctor, because I had a suspicion what was the matter. And I was right.

I couldn't believe it. I walked from the doctor's office to the store and hardly knew what I was saying when I apologized to Delphine for being late. She brought me back to earth, though, by saying:

"That's all right. But there's a long-distance call for you from Philadelphia."

It was Wyn, of course—Wyn, asking me if I could meet him at Giono's at five-thirty for a little talk. I thought there must be something to this thought-transference business, because naturally Wyn couldn't know what the doctor had just told me—but it almost seemed as if he must have known, because otherwise why would he call me up, want to see me?

Wyn and me and—and something to really fight for!

I was at Giono's a little early, sitting in our old booth, waiting for Wyn. I was perfectly happy. I knew everything was going to be all right. A baby was exactly what Wyn needed to make him stand up on his own two feet and tell those Straffords where to go. I hummed a little tune to myself . . . and then I happened to see an item in the paper that Giono had left on the table.

" . . . announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Veronica Gladwyn, to Mr. Wynnewood Strafford VI," was all of the

item I could see. But it was enough.

So that was what Wyn had wanted to see me about. To tell me.

Giono came toward the booth just as I stood up. I stammered something about having to leave.

"But what I tell Mr. Strafford? He called to say he's-a come. What I tell him?"

"Tell him—tell him I hope the first one's a boy," I said.

I couldn't let him know about the baby—his baby. Not now. I didn't want things that way. He'd have felt gallant and conscientious and as if he *had* to marry me again and I knew there wouldn't be any happiness for either of us in a marriage like that.

I'd *have* that baby, I resolved fiercely—and his name wouldn't be Strafford, either, it'd be Foyle. Tom Foyle, like my Pop. He'd grow up to be proud of his name and of his mother. Tom Foyle—the toughest kid in the block!

Only—my little Tom never got very far. He died a few minutes after he was born. He didn't even get a chance to fight. And I don't know what he looked like, because I never saw him.

Well, I got out of the hospital and time kept on doing business at the same old stand. Five years of it. Delphine gave me some raises and I moved out of the apartment I shared with the other two girls and took this room by myself in the Dolly Madison and I could afford better clothes and Delphine said I was a smart little girl. Mark and I got to know each other better and on the nights he could spare from being a rising young surgeon at the hospital, we'd go to movies or shows together.

BUT nothing really happened. Not until a month ago, when Delphine sent me to Philadelphia to open a branch for her in a department store there. I was afraid to go, afraid of all the things being there might bring back. But nothing happened, until the afternoon of my last day there.

A woman about my own age—a beautiful, blonde, rich-looking woman—came in. She had a little boy about four years old with her and a nurse to take care of him. She wanted something rather special in the way of make-up, because she was going to the Assembly that night.

While we were talking a telephone call came in for her. I heard her say, "Hello—oh, hello, Wyn. Oh, you don't have to go to New York *again*, do you?"

Then I knew. This was Wyn's wife; this little boy, only a few months younger than my Tom would have been, was his son.

I got over the shock in time to hear Wyn's wife saying pleadingly, "But Wyn—in the five years we've been married, we've *never* gone to the Assembly together!"

I could have told her why.

She was a thoroughbred, all right. She hung up and apologized because something had happened and she would not need the special make-up after all.

"Are we going home now, Mommy?" the little boy asked. He looked like Wyn. The same tilt of the head, the same chin, the same. . . . But what's the good of that? He looked like *her*, too.

"Yes, darling," she said.

"But you told me I could buy Daddy a birthday present!"

"We'll get it tomorrow."

They went out, but a minute later the little boy came running back. He'd forgotten his teddy bear.

I leaned down to him. "I'll bet I know your name," I said.

"Bet you don't!"

"It's Wynnewood Strafford—Wynne-

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wood Strafford the Seventh!"

That impressed him, all right, and he was ready to listen when I said, "Do you want a birthday present for your Daddy very badly?"

He nodded. "Oh, yes! He always gives me one!"

"Have you got a purse?" I asked, like a conspirator, and he showed me one on his belt. I opened it and slipped Wyn's ring—the one with a snake swallowing its tail—off my finger.

"Here's something you can give him," I said, putting it in the purse. "But it's got to be a secret. A secret just for you and your Daddy!"

He nodded solemnly. "I won't tell anybody else!" he promised and ran out of the room after his mother.

I stood there and watched him go, feeling lost and alone. And the place on my finger where the ring had been was all naked, but that ring had been my last link with Wyn and now it was gone, too. I was glad to have it gone. I felt free again.

It must have been that feeling of freedom that made me able to tell Mark to-night I'd marry him. He called for me after work at the store and took me with him to one of his maternity cases in a poor part of the city and I held the baby after it arrived. He saw me with it and said, "You have no idea how right you look with a baby in your arms."

"I know how right I feel," I said. It was true, too. This, I was thinking, is what women really want. Not men—not really. There's something down inside of women that's the future.

Then was when Mark dragged out a

diamond ring, right there in the kitchen of the tenement, and asked me to marry him. And—after all, a man *must* love you to go on wanting to marry you for six years without any encouragement. So I told him I would. He had to go back to the hospital for a while, but we arranged to meet at Grand Central at midnight and go on to Greenwich.

"You're all over that—that fellow from Philadelphia?" Mark asked.

"All over," I said. And meant it—until I came home two hours ago and found Wyn waiting for me.

WERE no good apart, Kitty," Wyn said. "I know that now. And I'm going away. I'm leaving my wife. I'm sailing at midnight—alone, unless you'll go with me."

"You—you're going to be divorced?" I asked him.

"No," he said after a pause. "I've tried. I'm afraid I can't even promise you that. But whatever you decide, I'm sailing anyway. I'm only hoping, I'm asking, that we'll go together and be together, always."

Be together, always.

Forgetting Mark, thinking only how much the mere sight of Wyn could bring back all my love for him, I told him I'd be at Pier 48 at midnight.

(It's fifteen minutes to twelve, Kitty Foyle. You can't stall any longer. No matter where you're going, to Wyn or to Mark, you'll have to start out.)

I've packed my bags, I've called a porter, I've done everything except decide. A great deal of love—but no marriage—with Wyn. Marriage—and some

love, too, there's no use denying that—with Mark

All right. I know what it's got to be.

Oh, Wyn darling, please understand. It's just as you said. What we've had together is something I can never forget. I love you, in a very special way, and I'll always love you. But I'm—me, Kitty Foyle! Not something for you to leave and come back to and leave and come back to again whenever you feel like it.

Mark can be part of that person named Kitty Foyle. Mark and the home and the children—the bits of the future—we can have together, that you and I could never have. You'd never be part of me, Wyn. I'd only be part of you . . . your hanger-on, your—girl friend. It's not good enough for me. It's not good enough for you.

So good-by, Wyn. I don't think you and I will ever see each other again. Mrs. Mark Eisen won't have much to do with the Philadelphia Main Line Straffords—because, of course, you'll go back there someday, Wyn. I said once they had you under contract and it's still true, no matter how hard you try to break away. That little boy—he has you under contract, too.

And Wyn—don't worry about me. Don't fret about whether or not I'll be happy. I will be. Maybe I love Mark in a very special way, too. And anyway—maybe nobody knows what happiness is. Until after they've had it, that is. Maybe it's just something you're always looking for and never quite finding—until you stop looking.

I've stopped looking, Wyn.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 14)

✓✓ Escape (M-G-M)

It's About: *The rescue of an imprisoned woman in Germany by her son.*

SUSPENSE and drama pack the thrilling story of "Escape" that faithfully follows the story by Ethel Vance. Every scene and every line of dialogue lead to the dramatic and stirring climax that keeps the audience breathless as the drama unfolds. Norma Shearer as the Countess and Robert Taylor as the American score heavily. Taylor seems to have caught the nervous emotional pitch of the lad who leaves his home in America to find his mother imprisoned in Germany. Phillip Dorn as the Doctor is the newest star to emerge in Hollywood—mark that down in your memory book. Conrad Veidt as the General is detestably compelling. Nazimova as the mother is outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Thrill-packed.

✓✓ A Little Bit of Heaven (Universal)

It's About: *A family who rides high on a little girl's success.*

THAT producer Joe Pasternak, who has guided Deanna Durbin through all her successes, has taken little Gloria Jean under his wing and brought her right back to "The Underpup" fame. Gloria couldn't be sweeter, the story cozier or the cast more competent and when you put that all together, what does it spell? S-u-c-c-e-s-s? You're right.

Yes, this is a success. It's charming, sweet, appealing and entertaining and, what's more, it has Gloria being boosted for the radio by a pair of radio announce-

ers, Robert Stack and Stuart Erwin. The only catch is *Grandpa*, C. Aubrey Smith, objects and *Grandpa* is boss. Pop Hugh Herbert and sister Nan Grey are for it and so is Gloria. In due time *Grandpa* is won over, Gloria becomes a star, the family becomes high-hat and everyone is miserable until—but that's telling. Anyway, Gloria sings gloriously. Billy Gilbert is a beeg lamb. It's nice seeing so many stars of silent days.

Your Reviewer Says: Bright, appealing.

✓✓ They Knew What They Wanted (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *Romance by correspondence.*

THIS, to our notion, is a great picture. We think it a great picture for the magnificent performance given by Charles Laughton as *Tony*, the Italian fruitgrower in the Napa valley of California. We deem it great for the inspired direction of youthful Garson Kanin, the work of Carole Lombard and the fiercely etched performance of Bill Gargan as *Joe*, the hired man.

We like the feeling of suppression throughout, the gripping hopelessness that melts under *Tony's* Christian kindness into a promise of something better to come in some future day.

It is almost inconceivable to believe an Englishman could become so perfect an Italian as Laughton. Yet Laughton really is *Tony*, the Italian, who falls in love with waitress Carole Lombard and begs *Joe* to write her of his, *Tony's* love, and who finally substitutes *Joe's* picture for his, thus reaping a reward of heartache. We tell you again, Laughton is marvelous

and we urge all adults who enjoy intelligent, beautifully directed entertainment to see this picture.

Your Reviewer Says: An exquisite gem.

✓✓ The Long Voyage Home (Argosy-Wanger-U.A.)

It's About: *Seamen who are always striving for a journey home.*

THERE'S a tragic moody depth to "The Long Voyage Home" that shouts the artistry of Director John Ford to the housetops. Not since his "Informer" has this master of art in movies turned in such a triumph. Yet we doubt if it will appeal to those movie fans who like their stories cut and dried, hewing to the line and toeing the mark. Box-office appeal it may not have, but if the producer is content with food for the soul he has given us a banquet indeed.

Ian Hunter, the wandering drunken Englishman, is one of the sailors on a munition-laden ship homeward bound for England at the outbreak of the war. On the tedious homeward trip the men become inflamed with the idea that Hunter is a Fifth Columnist and he almost loses his life before the mistake is discovered. German planes dropping hell from the skies add to the thickening, engulfing peril. Thomas Mitchell, Hunter, John Wayne and John Qualen—all turn in stirring performances.

But for once we believe it's the mood and "feel" of a picture that steals it from the cast. If you catch that mood you'll be carried along with it.

Your Reviewer Says: An artistic triumph. (Continued on page 88)

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 86)

✓✓ Knute Rockne—All American (Warners)

It's About: Biographical story of the great football coach.

PATIENTLY Hollywood actors await, year after year, for that one perfect role. Pat O'Brien has found his as Knute Rockne, the understanding and kindly man who grew to be one of the greatest figures in the sports world. As football coach at Notre Dame, as father to the famed Four Horsemen of football who played for him, as husband and All American, no better man has ever emerged into the limelight than Knute Rockne. Pat O'Brien plays him that way. All the tenderness, strength, humanness of the man come to life through Pat's interpretation.

The cast, long and impressive, fit into their special roles with ease and perfection. Ronald Reagan plays the late George Gipp, one of football's greatest stars. Gale Page is Knute's wife. But it's Pat's picture and his heart is in it. That's why, my friends, it's a fine film.

Your Reviewer Says: A task beautifully done.

✓✓ Third Finger, Left Hand (M-G-M)

It's About: A businesswoman who creates an imaginary husband.

IT'S hilarious. What's more, it has a basis of sorts for its fun and never lets down a moment, with Myrna Loy, Melvyn Douglas and Lee Bowman trying to get married and unmarried throughout the whole evening.

Myrna is a smart New York magazine editor who invents a husband to keep the undesirable males (especially the boss) from cluttering up her desk with propositions of one sort and another. It all works too beautifully until Myrna meets Melvyn who sees through the farce and decides to become this misplaced husband. Of course, Myrna's father, Raymond Walburn, and her sister, Bonita Granville, welcome him with open arms. But not Myrna. And not Lee Bowman, who wants to be Myrna's husband himself.

We suppose it *could* happen. But anyway, who cares, with everyone, including you and me, having such fun. Wait until you see Myrna's version of a Tenth Avenue moll. Why Miss Loy!

Your Reviewer Says: Naughty and very nice.

✓ Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic)

It's About: A television station and the people connected with it.

LIGHTHEARTED entertainment guaranteed to make you forget your troubles is the basis of this merry little picture with practically no plot but a great deal

of humor and melody.

Frances Langford and Kenny Baker provide the romance as well as the musical numbers and Ann Miller's dancing is delightful. The sketchy plot hinges upon Hugh Herbert, who is very funny as the bewildered businessman who takes over a television station. Mary Boland, as a wealthy sponsor, Franklin Pangborn and Patsy Kelly contribute their own brands of specialized comedy.

The music and dances are delightful and you'll go away whistling a specially melodious number, "Who Am I?"

Your Reviewer Says: Gay and amusing

✓ Angels Over Broadway (Columbia)

It's About: Four drifters who meet for one night.

BEN HECHT has been permitted, thank heavens, to express himself on the screen and the result, while not box-office in appeal, is a rare bit of entertainment that haunts the memory like a musical refrain. Or did Irving Berlin say that?

From Mr. Hecht's gold-studded imagination emerge four characters—a weakling, John Qualen, bent on suicide; a young man, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., suffering from wrong values (a not uncommon disease); a young girl, Rita Hayworth, ready to give her soul for success; and Thomas Mitchell, a failure of a playwright.

Incongruously they meet, merge in an exchange of thought and ideas, then separate, each strangely helped.

Flashes of bright dialogue pierce the air like skyrocket. It's all Hecht in writing, production and directing, but it takes those four marvelous performers to give life and reality to his dreams. To our notion every member of the cast outdoes himself.

Your Reviewer Says: Only for the imaginative.

✓ Too Many Girls (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A young heiress and her four (count 'em) bodyguards at college.

WELL, for goodness sake, everything is still whirling around and those black spots before our eyes must be Lucille Ball, Ann Miller and Frances Langford. And those bigger spots are bound to be Desi Arnaz (Desi has us dizzy), Hal LeRoy and Richard Carlson. Such singing, dancing, romping and goings-on. It's wonderful.

The story? Oh, why be finicky? It's something about Lucille Ball's going to college with four bodyguards or no—wait—does that sound right?

Anyway, the stage show, complete with music, is riotous fun and if you're young and gay, you'll love it. The Conga is *teerific*.

Your Reviewer Says: A pinwheel of music, motion, beauty.

Diamond Frontier (Universal)

It's About: The escape from a jungle prison of an innocent prisoner.

(Continued on page 90)

PICTURES IN THE CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

■ **FLIGHT COMMAND:** In this timely naval aviation picture, Robert Taylor is the young cadet who joins a fighting squadron. Walter Pidgeon is the squadron's commander and Ruth Hussey his wife. With Paul Kelly, Shepperd Strudwick and some thrilling air maneuvers.

PARAMOUNT

■ **LOVE THY NEIGHBOR:** Jack Benny and Fred Allen bring their famous air feud to the screen at last and fight it out for comedy honors. Mary Martin, Eddie Anderson, Veree Teasdale, Theresa Harris add to the laughs.

■ **SECOND CHORUS:** Fred Astaire and Burgess Meredith, orchestra players, vie with each other for feminine adulation until they discover Paulette Goddard, secretary of Artie Shaw's band in this tuneful, dancing comedy of the backstage lives of a popular swing orchestra.

RKO

■ **LET'S MAKE MUSIC:** Elizabeth Risdon, small-town schoolteacher, writes a song that becomes a national hit through Bob Crosby and his band's playing it, so she and her niece Jean Rogers come to New York, with amusing results.

■ **NO, NO, NANETTE:** When Anna Neagle tries to keep her uncle, Roland Young, out of trouble because of his rash promises to girls, she finds herself playing the lead in Victor Mature's musical show. With Richard Carlson as an artist, Helen Broderick and Zasu Pitts.

20TH CENTURY-FOX

■ **TIN PAN ALLEY:** Alice Faye and Betty Grable are a singing sister act who join forces with song writers John Payne and Jack Oakie in this tuneful picture of the period just before the last war. With Allen Jenkins, Esther Ralston and the Nicholas Brothers.

■ **HUDSON'S BAY:** Paul Muni and Laird Cregar are French Canadian fur trappers who, along with John Sutton, form a company to barter for pelts from the Indians. With Gene Tierney, Virginia Field, Vincent Price and Nigel Bruce.

UNIVERSAL

■ **STREETS OF CAIRO:** Mystery and intrigue in Egypt, with Ralph Byrd and Eddie Quillan as archeologists who discover fabulous jewels which a band of cutthroats plan to steal in order to sell to Sigrid Gurie and Lloyd Corrigan. With Rod LaRocque and Katherine De Mille.

■ **GIVE US WINGS:** Billy Halop, Huntz Hall, Bernard Punsly, Gabriel Dell and Bobby Jordan are youthful mechanics who accept an offer to work as pilots for Victor Jory's aerial crop-dusting company, although Wallace Ford, his foreman, knows the planes are unsafe.

WARNER BROTHERS

■ **SOUTH OF SUEZ:** In this exciting picture of the African diamond mines, adventurer George Brent becomes the foreman of ruthless George Tobias, whose wife, Lee Patrick, is in love with Brent but later has him accused of murder. With Brenda Marshall, Miles Mander and Eric Blore.

■ **HIGH SIERRA:** When Humphrey Bogart, gangster, leaves prison, he becomes head of a mob planning to hold up a resort in Southern California. With Ida Lupino as his loyal moll, Alan Curtis and Arthur Kennedy as his partners in the robbery attempt, Joan Leslie and Henry Hull.

Christmas Thoughts

for a lady with loveliness on her mind

ONE of the nicest worlds to live in is the world of Christmas with its scents of spicy balsam, cloves and mince, fragrant yule logs burning. To a lady is given the capability of best enjoying these scents, for love of fragrance is to her a most particular, intimate attribute. This quality is instinctive with her; she shows it by her reaction to perfume, her quick appreciation of any strange new scent that comes to her, the confidence, the poise, the air of the loveliest woman in the world that is hers when she is wearing it.

Providing that she is clever, she realizes that there is nothing logical about perfume; she is therefore never logical about choosing it. She will never, never choose a scent because she liked it on another woman. Rather, she lets scents go

straight to her head, selects the one that is most like what she secretly wants to be, for sometimes what a shy woman cannot say openly her perfume says for her.



Deanna Durbin on perfume: "I generally get the flower scents"

After having followed her heart in her choice, she will follow her head in using her perfume. Never will she daub herself indiscriminately from any bottle on her dressing table; she will never apply perfume to her clothes, but will place it instead in the hollow of her throat, behind her earlobes and sometimes—a subtle trick—on the tops of her stockings. If she's a business woman she will forego perfumes in the morning, use instead a light cologne that makes her effectively feminine but that will not be too sirenish in an active business air.

She will keep the bottles on her dressing table away from the strong light. She'll never go economical with her bottles of perfume; if she does, she may be rewarded by finding them reduced to a state of pure alcoholism, fit only for the trash basket—beauty gone to utter waste. She will buy at least one huge bottle of perfume or cologne, just for the indispensable feeling of utter feminine luxury that it gives her.

If she is young, fresh, unsophisticated, she will remember most of all the words of Deanna Durbin: "I like lots of perfume. Oh, I don't mean I use a lot at

one time. I don't because I like that 'Now you get it, now you don't' effect and you have to put it on carefully for that . . . mostly with an atomizer. And I don't like to smell a lovely perfume and look up and see someone about to blow her nose and attracting attention to it because her perfume is all doused on the handkerchief. When I said I like lots of perfume, I meant I like different kinds, though I find I generally get the flower scents and clovers and some of the eau de colognes. I like a fresh, stimulating perfume."

BUT if she is the sophisticate, the glamorous enigma, she will think of what Marlene Dietrich says: "Perfumes? But of course. Beauty must make its appeal in all ways. A lovely woman needs that subtle aura to complete the remembered vision of her personality. The use of perfumes is as old as man . . . and woman. I am most accustomed to apply it with an atomizer to my shoulders, and then always you must touch a real drop of the essence to the skin itself in certain spots: the tips of the ears and a whisper under the chin, at the wrists, and never forgetting a little on the skin in front where your deepest décolleté begins, for it will vaporize rapidly here from the warmth of the body and for another reason. Perfume used like this will take on an individual character, alter



Something new on the Christmas counter: perfume encased in a miniature Liberty Bell

just a little as it blends with the chemistry of the body, become utterly yours."

Most of all, this lady with her mind on loveliness will not let herself be downed by the Christmas rush. She will make out her Christmas list from these suggestions here, will then have herself a time buying them at the festive cosmetic counters.

For instance, for her friends who are singing "I Love America" lustily, she can buy a patriotic trumpet that is filled with cologne, a clever new creation that is literally a call to arms, prettily boxed in red, white and blue. Or there is a small bottle of scent especially encased in a

BY GLORIA MACK

tiny reproduction of the Liberty bell, a delight for miniature collectors; or a smart travel manicure set, equipped with a patriotic shade of nail enamel. If she would like her gifts of loveliness encased in something that will be useful ever after, she can find a little wooden box with a velvet pincushion on top, with toilet water, soap, talcum and bath salts inside. After its contents are used, the box turns into a little sewing container to hold pins, needles, buttons.

For tricky containers, too, she can have her cosmetic combinations done up trickily—dusting powder in a tiny ribbon-top hat box; cosmetics in a handkerchief case, or a special case that has a real jeweled hair ornament on its cover. For her modernistic friends, there is a plastic manicure set that holds its own smartly on any modern dressing table. For her utilitarian list, a manicure set that looks like a purse; or a beautifully tailored compact manicure case that is especially designed for schoolgirls; or a traveling kit that holds all the beauty musts with a special compartment reserved for overnight wardrobe essentials; or a combination of three lipsticks on a chain that will hold all elusive keys, dangling from a metal disc, one side of which is a mirror.

FOR the man in her life, she can buy shaving soap put up in a special wooden bowl that delights the feminine eye, pleases the masculine "no funny business" sense. If she's a true woman, she will succumb to clever boxing—perhaps to those cosmetics that are put up in devastating pink boxes with scattered pastel bows. Or she will buy cologne in a quaint flacon, a green bottle with a rose stopper, or in a flacon that is an exact copy of an antique waterford glass decanter jug. If she's artistic, her eye will be caught by those individual pale pink, amethyst and rose boxes of powder, with bottled productions in matching opalescent colors.

If her mind is still in the right place, she will give or see that she herself is given some sachets, that indispensable first cousin of perfume. There is one special high light this season—sachets that can be worn as boutonnieres on coats or as hair decorations, and twice as effective as ordinary gardenias are they. Or she can buy her sachet in any one of a million clever shapes—as little stockings and Victorian corsets to be slipped among silks and satins, in the



Marlene Dietrich: "A lovely woman needs the subtle aura of perfume"

shape of an airmail envelop, as special little individual containers that can be snapped on her hangers.

Most of all, though, through the Yuletide season—and even after it is over—the lady will remember loveliness, will keep the credo that perfume is her intrinsic heritage, will promise that she will not deny herself the charm, the loveliness that comes from using it.

Casts of Current Pictures

"ANGELS OVER BROADWAY"—COLUMBIA.—Written, directed and produced by Ben Hecht. Cast: *Bill O'Brien*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Nina Barona*, Rita Hayworth; *Gene Gibbons*, Thomas Mitchell; *Charles Engle*, John Qualen; *Hopper*, George Watts; *Dutch Enright*, Ralph Theodore; *Louie Artino*, Eddie Foster; *Eddie Burns*, Jack Roper; *Sylvia Marbe*, Constance Worth.

"ARISE MY LOVE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder. Based on a story by Benjamin Glazer and John S. Toldy. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Cast: *Augusta Nash*, Claudette Colbert; *Tom Martin*, Ray Milland; *Phillips*, Walter Abel; *Governor of the prison*, George Zucco; *Father Jacinto*, Frank Puglia; *Prison Guard*, Jesus Topete; *Shep*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Pink*, Dick Purcell; *Botzelberg*, Cliff Nazarro.

"BLONDIE PLAYS CUPID"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Richard Flournoy and Karen DeWolf. Original story by Karen DeWolf and Charles M. Brown. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. Cast: *Blondie*, Penny Singleton; *Dagwood*, Arthur Lake; *Baby Dumpling*, Larry Simms; *Daisy*, Himself; *J. C. Dithers*, Jonathan Hale; *Alvin Fuddle*, Danny Mummert; *Mailman*, Irving Bacon; *Charlie*, Glenn Ford; *Millie*, Luana Walters; *Tucker*, Will Wright; *Uncle Abner*, Spencer Charters; *Aunt Hannah*, Leona Roberts.

"DANCING ON A DIME"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Maurice Rapf, Anne Morrison Chapin and Allen Rivkin. Based on a story by Jean Lustig and Max Kolpe. Directed by Joseph Santley. Cast: *Ted Brooks*, Robert Paige; *Lorie Fenton*, Grace McDonald; *Dandy Joslyn*, Peter Hayes; *Jack Thompson*, Eddie Quillan; *Phil Miller*, Frank Jenks; *Dolly Stewart*, Virginia Dale; *Polly Adams*, Carol Adams; *Doris Marlowe*, Lillian Cornell.

"DIAMOND FRONTIER"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play by Edmund L. Hartman and Stanley Rubin. Directed by Harold Schuster. Cast: *Terrence Regan*, Victor McLaglen; *Charles Clayton*, John Loder; *Jean Krueger*, Ann Nagel; *Jan DeWinter*, Phillip Dorn; *Noah*, Cecil Kellaway; *Derek Bluje*, Francis Ford; *Matt Campbell*, J. Anthony Hughes; *Paul Willem*, Ferris Taylor; *Baron Gilbert La Rocque*, Sigfried Arno; *Piet Bloom*, Lionel Belmore; *Travers*, Hugh Sothorn.

"ESCAPE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Arch Oboler and Marguerite Roberts. Based on the novel "Escape" by Ethel Vance. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Cast: *Countess Von Treck*, Norma Shearer; *Mark Preysina*, Robert Taylor; *General Kurt Von Kolb*, Conrad Veidt; *Emmy Ritter*, Nazimova; *Fritz Keller*, Felix Bressart; *Dr. Arthur Henning*, Albert Basserman; *Dr. Ditten*, Philip Dorn; *Ursula*, Bonita Granville; *Commissioner*, Edgar Barrier; *Mrs. Henning*, Elsa Bassermann; *Nurse*, Blanche Yurka; *Anna*, Lisa Golm.

"GREAT DICTATOR, THE"—CHARLES CHAPLIN-U. A.—Original screen play by Charles Chaplin. Directed by Charles Chaplin. Cast: *People of the Palace*, *Hynkel*, Dictator of *Tomania*, Charles Chaplin; *Napaloni*, Dictator of *Bacteria*, Jack Oakie; *Schultz*, Reginald Gardiner; *Garbitsch*, Henry Daniell; *Herring*, Billy Gilbert; *Madame Napaloni*, Grace Hayle; *Bacterian Ambassador*, Carter de Haven. *People of the Ghetto*: *A Jewish Barber*, Charles Chaplin; *Hannah*, Paulette Goddard; *Mr. Jacekel*, Maurice Moscovitch; *Mrs. Jacekel*, Emma Dunn; *Mr. Mann*, Bernard Gorcey; *Mr. Agar*, Paul Weigel; and *Chester Conklin*, Esther Michelson, Hank Mann, Florence Wright, Eddie Gribbon, Robert O. Davis, Eddie Dunn, Peter Lynn, Nita Pike.

"HIT PARADE OF 1941"—REPUBLIC.—Original screen play by Bradford Ropes, F. Hugh Herbert and Maurice Leo. Directed by John H. Auer. Cast: *David Farraday*, Kenny Baker; *Pat Abbott*, Frances Langford; *Ferdinand Farraday*, Hugh Herbert; *Emily Potter*, Mary Boland; *Annabelle Potter*, Ann Miller; *Judy Abbott*, Patsy Kelly; *Charles Moore*, Phil Silvers; *Soda Clerk*, Sterling Holloway; *Harrison*, Donald MacBride; *Mr. Paslev*, Barnett Parker; *Carter*, Franklin Pangborn; *Themselves*, Six Hits and a Miss; and *Borrah Min-eitch* and his Harmonica Rascals.

"HONEYMOON FOR THREE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Earl Baldwin, Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. From the play by Alan Scott and George Haight. Directed by Edmund Goulding. Cast: *Kenneth Birby*, George Brent; *Anne Rogers*, Ann Sheridan; *Harvey Wilson*, Charlie Ruggles; *Julie Wilson*, Osa Massen; *Elizabeth Clochessy*, Jane Wyman; *Arthur Westlake*, William T. Orr; *Mrs. Pettijohn*, Lee Patrick; *Chester T. Farrington III*, Johnny Downs; *Floyd Y. Ingram*, Herbert Anderson; *Lawyer*, George Campeau.

"HULLABALOO"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Nat Perrin. Based on an idea by Bradford Ropes and Val Burton. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. Cast: *Frank Merriweather*, Frank Morgan; *Laura Merriweather*, Virginia Grey; *Bob Strong*, Dan Dailey, Jr.; *Penny Merriweather*, Billie Burke; *Lulu Perkins*, Nydia Westman; *Wilma Norton*, Ann Morris; *Clyde Perkins*, Donald Meek; *"Buz"*, Foster, Reginald Owen; *Bell Hop*, Charles Holland; *Judy Merriweather*, Leni Lynn; *Virginia Ferris*, Virginia O'Brien; *Armand Francois*, Curt Bois; *Sue Merriweather*, Sara Haden; *Terry Merriweather*, Larry Nunn; *Stephens*, Barnett Parker.

"KNUTE ROCKNE — ALL AMERICAN"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Robert Buckner. Based upon the private papers of Mrs. Rockne and the reports of Rockne's intimate associates and friends. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Cast: *Knute Rockne*, Pat O'Brien; *Bonnie Skiles Rockne*, Gale Page; *Father Callahan*, Donald Crisp; *George Gipp*, Ronald Reagan; *Father Nieuwland*, Albert Basserman; *Lars Knutson Rockne*, John Qualen; *Martha Rockne*, Dorothy Tree; *Knute* (at the age of 7), John Sheffield; *Knute* (at age 4), Bill Sheffield; *Gus Dorais*, Owen Davis, Jr.; *James Crowley*, Bob Byrne; *Elmer Layden*, Kane Richmond; *Harry Stuhldreher*, Nick Lukats; *Don Miller*, Wm. Marshall; *Mrs. Gipp*, Ruth Robinson; *Postoffice Clerk*, Cliff Clark; *Student*, Richard Clayton; *Student*, George Haywood; *Football Player*, Carlyle Moore, Jr.; *Football Player*, Peter Ashley; *Football Player*, Michael Harvey; *Football Player*, Gaylord Pendleton; *Professor*, George Irving.

"LET GEORGE DO IT"—Film Alliance of the U. S., Inc.—British production. Original screen play by Angus MacPhail, John Dighton, Basil Dearden, Austin Melford. Directed by Marcel Varnel. Cast: *George*, George Formby; *Mary*, Phyllis Calvert; *Mendez*, Garry Marsh; *Slim*, Romney Brent; *Neilson*, Bernard Lee; *Iris*, Coral Browne; *Mrs. Neilson*, Helena Pickard; *Schwartz*, Percy Walsh; *Greta*, Diana Beaumont; *U-Boat Commander*, Torin Thatcher.

"LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN, A"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story by Grover Jones. Screen play by Grover Jones, Daniel Taradash and Harold Goldman. Directed by Andrew Marton. Cast: *Midge*, Gloria Jean; *Bob*, Robert Stack; *Pop*, Hugh Herbert; *Grandpa*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Janet*, Nan Grey; *Tony's Kids*, Butch & Buddy; *Herrington*, Eugene Pallette; *Tony*, Billy Gilbert; *Cotton*, Stuart Erwin; *Mom*, Nana Bryant; *Uncle Dan*, Frank Jenks; *Jerry*, Tommy Bond.

"LONG VOYAGE HOME, THE"—ARGOSY-WALTER WANGER-U. A.—"The Long Voyage Home" by Eugene O'Neill. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford. Cast: *Ole Olson*, John Wayne; *Driscoll*, Thomas Mitchell; *Smitty*, Ian Hunter; *Cocky*, Barry Fitzgerald; *Captain*, Wilfred Lawson; *Freda*, Mildred Natwick; *Axel*, John Qualen; *Yank*, Ward Bond; *Donkey Man*, Arthur Shields; *Davis*, Joseph Sawyer; *Limehouse Crimp*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Tropical Woman*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Bumboat Girl*, Carmen Morales; *Bumboat Girl*, Carmen D'Antonio; *Scotty*, David Hughes; *Joe*, Billy Bevan; *First Mate*, Cyril McLaglen; *Second Mate*, Douglas Walton; *Frank*, Constantine Romanoff; *Cook*, Edgar "Blue" Washington; *Mr. Clifton*, Lionel Pape; *Kate*, Jane Crowley.

"SEVEN SINNERS"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by John Meehan. Original story by Harry Tugend, Ladislav Fodor, Laszio Vадnai. Directed by Tay Garnett. Cast: *Bijou*, Marlene Dietrich; *Lt. Bruce Whitney*, John Wayne; *Little Ned*, Broderick Crawford; *Sasha*, Mischa Auer; *Dr. Martin*, Albert Dekker; *Tony*, Billy Gilbert; *Dorothy Henderson*, Anne Lee; *Antro*, Oscar Romolka; *Gov. Henderson*, Samuel S. Hinds.

"THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Robert Ardrey. From the play by Sidney Howard. Directed by Garson

Kanin. Cast: *Amy*, Carole Lombard; *Tony*, Charles Laughton; *Joe*, William Gargan; *The Doctor*, Harry Carey; *Father McKee*, Frank Fay; *The R. F.D.*, Joe Bernard; *Mildred*, Janet Fox; *Ah Gee*, Lee Tung-Foo; *Red*, Karl Malden; *The Photographer*, Victor Kilian.

"THIEF OF BAGDAD, THE"—ALEXANDER KORDA-U. A.—Screen play by Miles Malleison. Directed by Ludwig Berger and Michael Powell. Cast: *Jaffar*, Conrad Veidt; *Abu*, Sabu; *Princess*, June Duprez; *Ahmed*, John Justin; *Djinni*, Rex Ingram; *Sultan*, Miles Malleison; *The Old King*, Morton Seltin; *Halima*, Mary Morris; *The Merchant*, Bruce Winston; *Astrologer*, Hay Petrie; *Singer*, Adelaide Hall; *Jailer*, Ray Emerton.

"THIRD FINGER, LEFT HAND"—M-G-M.—Original screen play by Lionel Houser. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Cast: *Margot Sherwood Merrick*, Myrna Loy; *Jeff Thompson*, Melvyn Douglas; *Mr. Sherwood*, Raymond Walburn; *Phil Booth*, Lee Bowman; *Vicky Sherwood*, Bonita Granville; *August Winkel*, Felix Bressart; *Mr. Flandin*, Donald Meek; *Beth Hampshire*, Ann Morris.

"TOO MANY GIRLS"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by John Twist. From the musical play "Too Many Girls." Directed by George Abbott. Cast: *Connie Casey*, Lucille Ball; *Clint Kelly*, Richard Carlson; *Pepe*, Ann Miller; *Jojo Jordan*, Eddie Bracken; *Eileen Eilers*, Frances Langford; *Manuelito*, Desi Arnaz; *Al Terwilliger*, Hal LeRoy; *Talulah Lou*, Libby Bennett; *Mr. Casey*, Harry Shannon; *Mr. Waverly*, Douglas Walton; *Lister*, Chester Clute; *Midge Martin*, Tiny Person; *Mrs. Tewksbury*, Ivy Scott; *Sheriff Andaluz*, Byron Shores.

"TUGBOAT ANNIE SAILS AGAIN"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Walter DeLeon. Based upon characters created by Norman Reilly Raine. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Cast: *Tugboat Annie*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Capt. Bullwinkle*, Alan Hale; *Peggy Armstrong*, Jane Wyman; *Eddie Kent*, Ronald Reagan; *J. B. Armstrong*, Clarence Kolb; *Alec Severn*, Charles Halton; *Pete*, Paul Hurst; *Sam*, Victor Kilian; *Shiftless*, Chill Wills; *Captain Mahoney*, Harry Shannon; *Captain Broad*, John Hamilton; *Limey*, Sidney Bracy; *Johnson*, Jack Mower; *Rosie*, Dana Dale.

"WAGON TRAIN"—RKO-RADIO.—Story by Bernard McConville. Screen play by Morton Grant. Directed by Edward Killy. Cast: *Zack Sibley*, Tim Holt; *Ned*, Ray Whitley; *Whopper*, Emmett Lynn; *Helen*, Martha O'Driscoll; *Coe Gardner*, Malcolm McTaggart; *Matt Gardner*, Cliff Clark; *Amanthy*, Ellen Lowe; *O'Follard*, Wade Crosby; *Hays*, Ethan Laidlaw; *Kurt*, Monte Montague; *Wilks*, Carl Stockdale; *McKensie*, Bruce Dane; *Driver*, Glenn Strange.

"WHO KILLED AUNT MAGGIE?"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Stuart Palmer. Based on the novel by Medora Field. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Cast: *Kirk Pierce*, John Hubbard; *Sally Ambler*, Wendy Barrie; *Sheriff Gregory*, Edgar Kennedy; *Aunt Maggie*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Bob Dunbar*, Onslow Stevens; *Cynthia Lou*, Joyce Compton; *Dr. George Benedict*, Walter Abel; *Eve Benedict*, Mona Barrie; *Andrew*, Willie Best; *Bessie*, Daisy Lee Mothershed; *Mr. Lloyd*, Milton Parsons; *Trooper Leroy*, Tom Dugan; *Trooper Curtis*, William Haade; *Coroner Dodson*, Joel Friedkin.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF MOVIE MIRROR, published Monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1940.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ernest V. Heyn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the MOVIE MIRROR, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York City; Editor, Ernest V. Heyn, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, Miami Beach, Florida.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) ERNEST V. HEYN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September 1940.

(SEAL)

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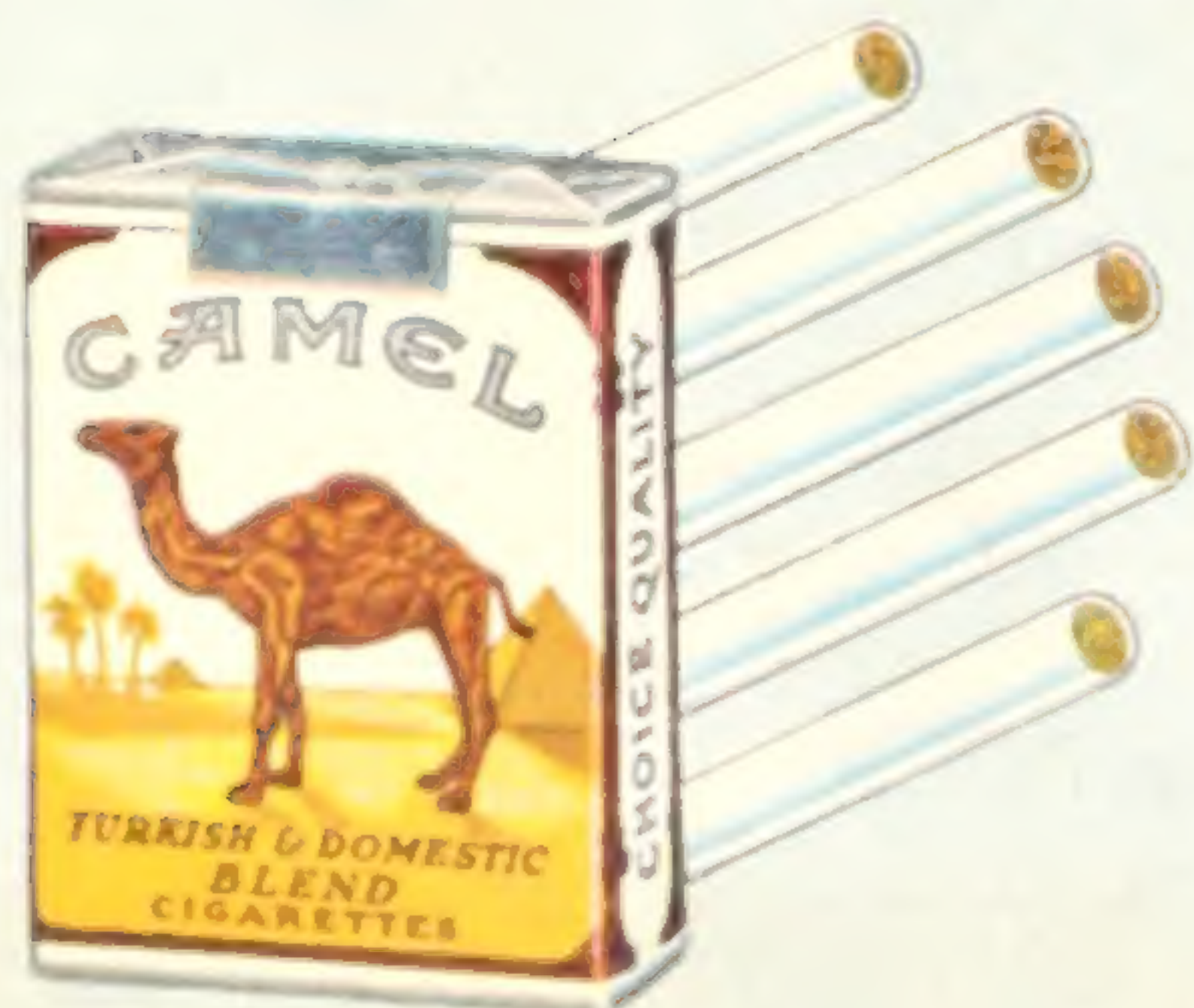
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